Week ending January 24 1953
Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

RONALD LAMPITT

A BRILLIANT NEW STORY
by GERALD KERSH

"TAKE IT FROM ME"
by JIMMY EDWARDS

MARY'S Mystery Men

Mary never invited her boy friends in. And when I told her we'd like to meet them:

"Home's so dull", she said. But I said "Wait and see" because I knew the very thing to tempt them home.

IT'S GRAND TO MEET YOU AT LAST MRS. LYNE
THIS IS THE NICEST WAY TO END AN EVENING
HAVE ANOTHER CUP, BILL ?
THIS DRINKING CHOCOLATE IS SUPER

Cadbury's to round off the evening. Rich, sweet, smooth, Cadbury's Drinking Chocolate. Real chocolate, just like you used to get. And, it's so easy to make – I'll never be without it again.

Cadbury's

DRINKING CHOCOLATE

(Note to wise housewives: always keep a tin in the store-cupboard!) 1/4d. A HALF-POUND TIN.

EDITORIAL

School—and crime

A RAW, newly qualified teacher was given his first class. It consisted of thirty backward eleven-year-old boys, none of whom could write a sentence. More than a third could not read three-letter words. In three years eight of them were before the courts as juvenile delinquents. More were suspected of other crimes.

This happened in 1949 in a large secondary modern school near London.

WHILE bad parents, vicious films and bloodthirsty comics all contribute to making young criminals, the failings of the school system are to blame, too.

Mr. A. H. Holloway, chairman of the London Federation of Parent-Teacher Associations, a father of three schoolchildren, says: "Backward children soon fall behind in the scramble for scholarships and grammar school places. Then they all too often make up for their inadequacy by flourishing knives and bullying. It is a short step to crime."

MR. HOLLOWAY
"... a short step to crime."

MR. JOHN GITTINGS, a member of the staff of an approved school near Darlington, adds: "The great majority of boys here are backward all round; forty-three per cent are more than three years behind average in accurate reading and seventy-three per cent in arithmetic."

The Ministry of Education estimates that one out of every ten children is affected.

"It is from these 600,000 boys and girls that three-quarters of juvenile delinquents come," says a leading authority, psychologist Sir Cyril Burt.

These "slow coaches" should be in small classes and have expert teachers. The most difficult, estimated at between 60,000 and 120,000, should be in special schools.

THE cruel fact is that only 20,000 of them are in these special schools.

The rest sit uncomprehendingly in one of the 68,079 classes which are overcrowded—that is to say, with more than forty juniors per class or more than thirty seniors, the ministry's preliminary target figures. *Or* they are being kept as nearly under control as possible in a "backward" class. *Or* they are playing truant.

It is a tragedy when our economic difficulties result in a mortgage on the generations to come. The government should reconsider the disastrous policy of cutting down on the building of schools.

It is now clear that if we don't get more schools, classes and teachers, we will get more young criminals.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

RONALD LAMPITT readily admits that he is as thrilled as any boy by a fall of snow. Not only does he like painting snowscapes, but he also loves sledging. Last year he built a toboggan for his two young daughters and introduced them to the sport. Last year, too, he began a new venture—designing Christmas cards. "I was happily painting snow scenes in the middle of summer," he says. "Already I am planning cards for Christmas, 1953."

"Here's our order. Mummy says we're to take the OXO with us. She's waiting to make the gravy."

OXO CUBE

OXO

MAKES IT BEEFY

ENJOY THE STIMULATING PROPERTIES OF PRIME BEEF

"Here's Mother—now you'll catch it, making the hall into a Skittle-Alley!"

"No! Mother won't mind, as a rub with 'Mansion' will quickly restore the shine."

MANSION POLISH

your FLOORS, FURNITURE AND LINOLEUM

Tins 10d., 1/6d. & 3/9d.

FOR DARK FLOORS use DARK MANSION

YOU CAN *feel* THE QUALITY IN STANLEY TOOLS

The smooth, clean bite of a plane into seasoned wood . . . effortlessly, accurately it glides as the crisp white shavings fly. There's a subtle pleasure in such things that only the finest tools can bring.

OTHER STANLEY TOOLS NOW AVAILABLE *include* Block and Rabbet Planes, Spokeshaves, Bit Braces, Hand and Breast Drills, "Yankee" Spiral Ratchet Screwdrivers, "Phillips" Screwdrivers, Trimming Knives and Honing Gauges.

STANLEY

THE TOOL BOX OF THE WORLD

That tickling throat you'll quickly lose, if this advice you'll only U U U U....

HOARSE? GO-SUCK A

ZUBE

8½d. and 1/4d. tins, 5½d. an oz. loose

After cleansing, protect

Chilblains, Chaps

and all slight skin injuries with

Of all chemists 1/9

NEW-SKIN Protective WATERPROOF COATING

Transparent - smooth - washable - easily removable

FREE SPEECH

Luck of the draw—but nobody loses

THERE are arguments for and against state lotteries. The system in Belgium, where I have recently been on a business trip, is very interesting, though there may be drawbacks. The country is helped, nobody loses and somebody always wins.

At intervals the Minister of Finance issues a Reconstruction Loan—three and a half million bonds of one thousand francs each (about £7). Duration of the loan is fifteen years. Interest is two per cent for the first ten years and five per cent for the remainder. Every Saturday there are drawings by lottery in Brussels. While I was there, winning bond numbers drew prizes of £7,000, £14,000 and £35,000. There is always a rush to buy the bonds; the odds against winning a prize are about a thousand to one.—S. T., Maida Vale, London, W.

Man Shops Best

THREE hundred days a year I do the shopping, without receiving any priority or extras from the shopkeepers with whom I deal. On the few days on which my husband shops he is fawned upon, signalled out for special attention by tradesmen, and always comes home with hard-to-get goods—and a triumphant grin.—MRS. HARMAN, Vernham Road, Plumstead Common, London, S.E.18.

Danger At Home

YOU drew attention to the law concerning unguarded fires ("Free Speech," January 3). As we have two small children we ordered a guard with a new gas fire. The cost was less than ten shillings. The man who came to fit the fire said that it was the first time he had ever fitted one with a guard. Local authorities should point out the danger of unguarded fires in their safety-first posters. — E. CUTHBERT, Abingdon Street, Heaton, Bradford, Yorks.

Shellfish Boy

WHILE motoring to Blackpool, I met three elephants plodding along one behind the other. They had no attendant, so far as I could see. A little later, a dark fellow in a turban approached me, riding a bicycle. I

slowed down and called to him. "Your elephants are just ahead." He stared at me blankly. "Elephants?" he said. "What are you talking about? I sell whelks."—F. W. WHEELER, Lancaster.

Good Clean Fun

BLAME for child crime is frequently laid on the books and films that children see. Parents and grandparents say that such things would not have been allowed in their day. They should think again. Here is an extract from a story, "Some Of Our Village Pranks," in a respected boys' magazine in 1880: "They had kept moderately good order during a funeral, but as soon as the verger's back was turned, they threw the old sexton's tools about, kicked earth down into the open grave, and threw a stone down, splitting the coffin lid and smashing the nameplate. In revenge for Farmer Blenkinsop's rebuke, they set fire to his straw stack."—G. D. CHAMBERS, Knox Road, Wellingborough, Northants.

Gifts Familiar

WHY are the gifts presented to business colleagues on their retirement so restricted in variety? When a man retires he usually gets a clock. A woman gets an umbrella.—MRS. E. MINSKIP, Sackville Road, Sheffield.

Author's "Plop"

BRUCE MARSHALL in his story "I Come To Kill" (JOHN BULL, January 3), says of one of his characters that he carried a revolver which "detonated silently." I thought that a silencer would not work on a revolver, because the sound of the explosion escapes through the gap between the cylinder and the barrel breech. — NEVILLE LIGHTOWLER, Second Avenue, Bradford, Yorks.

"Quite correct," says a gunsmith. "A silencer can be fitted only to a single-shot pistol or automatic. As the automatic is butt-fed the gases can escape only through the muzzle, where some are silenced."

Another outstanding John Bull supplement

DOWN YOUR GARDEN

with Richard Dimbleby

See page 12

Garden In Rind

THERE is a simpler method of growing fruit seeds ("Free Speech," December 27) in the home. Scoop out an orange or lemon, fill it with earth and sand which is free from insects, and sow the seeds of the fruit. Hung up and kept moist, this natural flower pot will soon produce plants. Their roots will force themselves through the skin and should be cut close to the rind. The tree will bear blossom; in autumn it will shed its leaves.—MISS S. C., Manchester.

Knock And Wait

WHILE working for the G.P.O. as a part-time postman, I was amazed at the reluctance of the public to answer a knock at their doors. When they did so, many people seemed afraid of what they would find on the other side. Is it that they are afraid of what life holds in store for them, or is it just a general feeling of mistrust?—STUDENT, Hull Road, York.

For All Ages

LIKE the scientist's wife ("Free Speech," January 3), my husband and I think that *Children's Hour* is the best B.B.C. programme. The stories and serials are more interesting than those for adults, and the talks on animal life and travel are plainly spoken and easily understood.—MRS. WINIFRED E. DOWSON, Stockton-on-Tees, Co. Durham.

. . . News commentaries for the schools are much more interesting than those on other programmes.—MRS. F. ROWE, Stoke-on-Trent.

No Room To Pour

AT our local grocer's, which is also the post office, tea is made twice daily for the staff. All customers in the shop at those times are invited to have a free cup. A few, of course, make sure of arriving at the right time.—S. A. FOOTE, Hempstead, Saffron Walden, Essex.

Modern Times

NEW methods of labelling canned goods will, when introduced in our factories, eliminate mistakes like the labelling of a tin of blackberries as plums ("Free Speech," January 3). The modern way is to pass the cans through a magnetic marker which magnetizes the bottoms of the cans according to their contents. They are then diverted to the correct label-pasting machine by means of an automatic sorter which can "read" the magnetic markings, and sends each can to its appropriate gate.—W. G. GWYTHER, Sandhurst Road, Charlton Kings, Cheltenham.

Poet's Engine

God moves in a mysterious way,
My hands to guide. Design?
It may not be a masterpiece,
But kiddies think it fine.
It's made from junk and dustbin loot,
The source of which is ample;
What God and man combined can do

'Tis but a small example.
It's faster far than any jet.
When on its journey bound,
For when the throttle's open wide,
It's miles in front of sound.
—A. WILSON, Crossland Road, Hathersage, Sheffield, Yorks.

Mr. Wilson's model engine is built from a box, curtain pole, bicycle inner tube, syrup tin, the lid of a furniture polish tin, corks, wireless parts, wire and old nails. It is painted red, blue, green and white.

Hoarded Shillings

WHY cannot the gas authorities issue metal checks to fit slot meters, and thus avoid the shortage of shillings?—W. R., Aberdare, Glam.

Answer from the North Thames Gas Board: It would double the time and cost of collection with no increased revenue, and there is a great danger of counterfeiting. The idea has been put to Boards all over the country. None has accepted it.

Letters intended for publication should be as brief as possible and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

"Nora and Harry had a proper row!"

"By the time they reached us they were hardly speaking to each other."

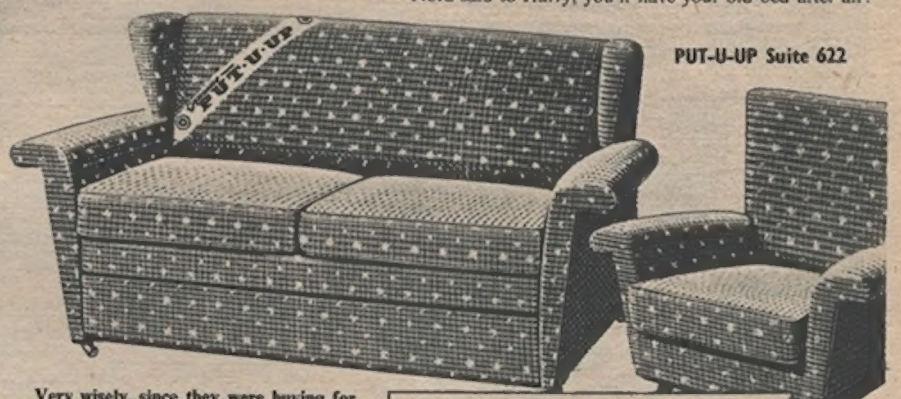
"It started when John and I asked them over for the weekend. 'Suppose I shall have to sleep on the floor' grumbled Harry. *He knew* we only had two rooms."

"Harry's moaning about his comfort had made Nora furious. 'You'll have to take pot luck' she told him. Nora's *my* friend, you see. Harry still had the sulks at supper—it was awful."

"At bed-time I gave them such a surprise when I opened up the settee they'd been admiring so much. 'See, clever,' Nora said to Harry, you'll have your old bed after all!'"

"'Might have told me' said Harry. But of course, Nora didn't know we should be able to turn our beautiful settee into a double bed in a few seconds!"

"'Well' I said in the morning 'what sort of night did you have?' 'Couldn't have been more comfortable in our own bed' crowed Harry. Well, I thought, what a nerve! He might have apologised for yesterday afternoon."



PUT-U-UP Suite 622

Very wisely, since they were buying for a lifetime's service, John and his wife were careful to look for the Blue Ribbon *—the guarantee of a genuine Blue Ribbon Furniture Product.*

WHY NOT POST COUPON TODAY
for details of large range of Put-u-up settee-beds and matching chairs to manufacturers (*wholesale only*)
GREAVES & THOMAS LTD., Dept. JB 622, Clapton, E.5.
Name
Address
jb 622

Ask to see a genuine **PUT·U·UP** *at your furnishers*
REGD. TRADE MARK
VISIT THE PUT-U-UP SHOWROOMS: 3 PRINCES ST., REGENT ST., W.1, and WOLFENDEN ST., BOLTON

You will feel better TOMORROW

If you take Beecham's Pills **TONIGHT**

Constipation may make you feel run-down and depressed. But Beecham's Pills act gently overnight—without griping or strain. Take a dose of Beecham's Pills tonight—and for a few nights. You will be amazed how much better you feel—and how much better you look. 1/8 & 4/- a box, or three twists for 3½d.

Beecham's Pills

Worth a Guinea a Box

· YOU CAN NOW BUY THEM SMOOTH COATED ·

Nearly Everybody has a secret ambition . . .

WHICH OF THESE IS YOUR PET SUBJECT?

FREE CAREER-BOOK—CHOOSE NOW

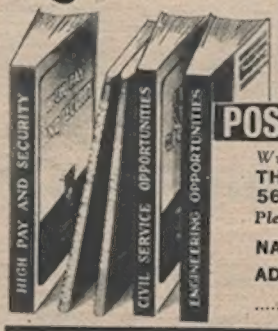
HERE is exciting news for every reader who seeks (1) entry to a worthwhile career, (2) quicker promotion and higher pay, or (3) a complete change of occupation.

Simply choose *your* pet subject and we will send you a valuable free Handbook showing how you can be helped to forge ahead in a chosen career, whatever your experience or education.

TODAY'S GREAT NEW OPPORTUNITY

These remarkable books tell you about today's new opportunities, outline the widest range of successful Home Study Courses in all branches of Engineering, Building, Commerce, Civil Service, Police, Journalism, Art, etc. and in addition to describing the unique benefits of our Appointments and Advisory Departments, suggest a really practical plan for self-advancement and personal achievement.

Free!



POST NOW

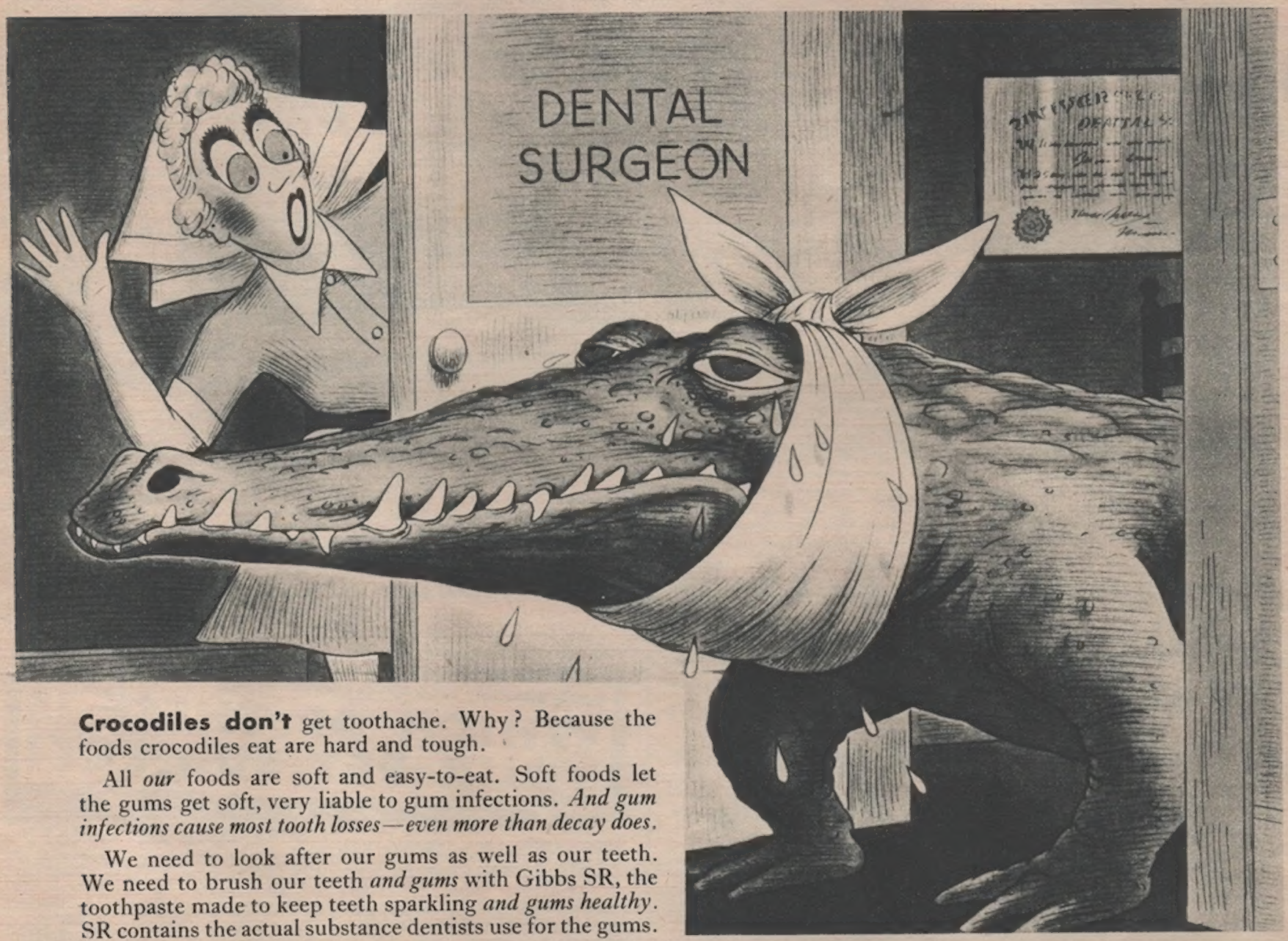
IS IT ONE OF THESE?

Accountancy	General Education	Prison Service
Advertising	Geology	Private Sec'ty.
Aero. Eng.	German	Production Eng.
Agriculture	Handicraft Teaching	Psychology
Architecture	Heating and Ventilating	Surveying
Article Writing	H. F. Eng.	Radar
Asst. Preventive Officer	Hydraulics	Radio Eng.
Asst. Traffic Superintendent	Illum'ing. Eng.	Radio Writing
Auditing	Indust. Admin.	Radio Operator
Auto. Eng.	Indust. Chem.	Railway Police
Banking	Jig & Tool Desn.	Refrigeration
Boiler Inspec'n.	Journalism	Reinforced Concrete
Book-keeping	Lam'd. Woods	Reporting
Building (all branches)	Local Govt.	Retail Shop Management
Business Management	Mains Eng.	Sales Engineer
Carpentry & Joinery	Maint'ance Eng.	Sales Man'ment
Cartooning	Marine Eng.	Salesmanship
Chemical Eng.	Mathematics	Sanitary Eng.
Civil Eng.	Mechanical Eng. (all branches)	Secretaryship
Civil Service	Mechanics	Service Stn. & Garage M'ment
Clerk of Works	Metallurgy	Sh. Metal W'k.
Commerce	Mining Eng.	Shipbuilding
Commercial Art	Municipal Eng.	Story Writing
Company Secty.	Naval Architect	Shorthand
Cost Account'cy.	Office M'ment.	Sound Film Eng.
Customs Officer	P.M.G. Licences	Structural Eng.
Die & Press Tools	Painting and Decorating	Surveying
Diesel Eng.	Pattern Making	Telecomms.
Draughtsm'ship. (all branches)	Personnel Management	Television Eng.
Economics	Planning Eng.	Textile Tech.
Electrical Eng.	Plastics	Timber Trade
Electronics	Play Writing	Time & Motion
Export	Plumbing	Tracing
Fashion Drawing	Police Careers	Varsity Exams.
Fiction Writing	P.O. Eng.	Vehicle Repairs
Foremanship	Press Tool W'k.	Welding
Forestry	Power House Design	Welfare
Foundry Work	Petroleum Tech.	Window Dressing
French	B.Sc. (Eng.)	Women Police
A.M.I.Mech.E.	B.Sc. (Econ.)	Works Management
A.M.I.C.E.	A.C.I.S.	
CITY & GUILDS, A.C.A., Gen. Cert. of Education		A.A.C.C.A.

Write if you prefer not to cut this page Mayfair 0812
THE SCHOOL OF CAREERS
56R Avon House, 356-366 Oxford Street, London, W.1
Please send me a suitable Career-Book—FREE of cost or obligation
NAME..... SUBJECT.....
ADDRESS.....
.....
BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

The School of Careers

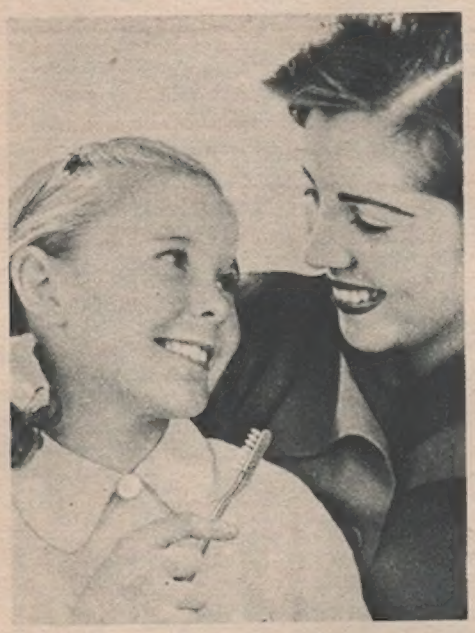
Ever seen a crocodile with toothache?



Crocodiles don't get toothache. Why? Because the foods crocodiles eat are hard and tough.

All *our* foods are soft and easy-to-eat. Soft foods let the gums get soft, very liable to gum infections. *And gum infections cause most tooth losses—even more than decay does.*

We need to look after our gums as well as our teeth. We need to brush our teeth *and gums* with Gibbs SR, the toothpaste made to keep teeth sparkling *and gums healthy*. SR contains the actual substance dentists use for the gums.



A pretty smile like Mummy's!

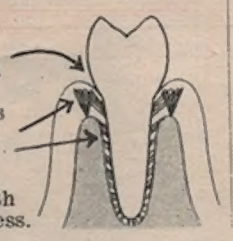
SR keeps teeth white, really white and sparkling. Thoroughly but so gently. Even the delicate enamel of children's teeth is safe in SR's care.

Question: **IS WHITENESS ENOUGH?**

A. No. Gum infections can attack the whitest teeth.

Q. *How do gum infections affect the teeth?*

A. Infection starts between the teeth and gums, destroys the fibres that hold the teeth in the gums, leaves the teeth loose and useless.

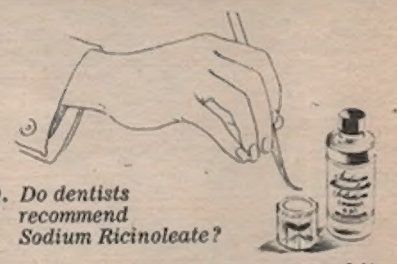


Q. *How does SR fight gum infections?*

A. SR contains Sodium Ricinoleate (or SR). And brushing with SR toughens up the gums to resist infections, does for your gums what hard foods do for the crocodile!

Q. *What is the best way of brushing the gums?*

A. If you brush the way dentists recommend—the way this diagram shows—you are brushing your gums *as well as* your teeth.



Q. *Do dentists recommend Sodium Ricinoleate?*

A. They do more than recommend it. They actually *use* it to clear up infected gums. SR soaks into infected gums, fights infection *from within*.

Be quite sure your teeth are safe. See your dentist twice a year and brush teeth *and gums* with Gibbs SR twice a day.

WHITE TEETH NEED HEALTHY GUMS

Gibbs S.R. FOR BOTH

1/8 & 2/6

GR 266-1345

The storm slashed down on us, but the horse, winded though he was and wheezing hard, seemed to catch my exhilaration. We tore on into the night

THE TERRIBLE RIDE OF COLONEL TESSIER

by GERALD KERSH

A John Bull story special—complete in this issue

"MADAME, I have the honour of wishing you a very good night," said Ratapoil, kissing his wife's fingers. She curtsied graciously. Tessier started then, for a three-branched candlestick seemed to detach itself of its own accord from the shadows in a far corner of the dining-room. It was only a slave lighting Madame Ratapoil upstairs, but he was as dark and silent as smoke out of a magical Arabian bottle.

The lady having been bowed out, Ratapoil threw off his gold-buttoned blue coat and loosened his waistcoat, and the waistband of his trousers, too.

Tessier said dryly, "Aie, Ratapoil, old wolf! You stand on ceremony nowadays!"

Ratapoil said, half apologetically, "Tessier, old comrade, in a savage country it is a gentleman's duty to preserve the decencies."

"You have done well for yourself," said Tessier, draining his glass. "You have come a long way, Ratapoil, since you and I dined off dried dates and crawling green water under the Pyramids—not that it is much cooler here in New Orleans."

A great black hand came down over his shoulder and filled his glass from a crystal decanter.

"Eh, Ratapoil! Is that a man or a ghost? Send him to bed! I hate people coming up behind me like that."

Ratapoil dismissed the slave with a jerk of the head. "Not a bad boy, that one," he said. "He is worth five dollars a pound and weighs a hundred and ninety-five, but I won him at piquet, as against three hogshead of rum."

ILLUSTRATED BY KOOLMAN

"What, so now he deals in rum and slaves! Molière gave us the Bourgeois Gentilhomme; Ratapoil gives us the Gentilhomme Bourgeois! Ratapoil turns tradesman. Aie, but times have changed!"

"In this country," said Ratapoil, "one finds oneself becoming a tradesman in spite of oneself. I opened my little *académie* in the Vieux Carré, in the spring of 1813. It was not done, I may say, without a little bloodshed. The master of fence at that time was a Swiss named Harter. One word led to another, we measured swords, he was buried the following day—nothing keeps long in this humidity—and I took over. I challenged a Spanish

His face was shattered, his horse was failing. But he knew he must not stop—or two thousand men would die

fencing master and, on his decease, accommodated his pupils also. By way of advertisement, I then challenged the entire army of His Majesty the King of Spain, to come on, one at a time, with sabre, rapier or *colchemarde*, for the honour of France. Only half a dozen Spaniards took up the challenge; if that child's play had gone on, His Catholic Majesty would have had to abdicate for lack of soldiers. Meanwhile, I played a little at cards and dice. Nobody dared to cheat me. I won. The stakes were money or money's worth—rum, molasses, cane sugar, coffee or what not. What do you do with a storehouseful of such truck?"

"Sell it," said Tessier.

"Exactly; thereby becoming a kind of merchant. For example, I bought this house with tobacco. At this time we were living at the St. Timothy Hotel, at a cost of thirty dollars a month. Louise said: 'They are robbing us, my dear. I could provide accommodation twice as good for twenty dollars a month. The steamboats are on the river now; elegant ladies and gentlemen are coming into New Orleans. Let us build a fine hotel, stylishly furnished. And, since you must gamble, why not do it under your own roof? We could set apart a nicely appointed room for cards and so forth, strictly for the nobility, and with you to keep order——'

"In brief, old comrade, I am merchant, innkeeper and anything you like. I am rotten rich. And I take this opportunity of telling you that, with the exception of my wife and my toothbrush, everything I have is yours to command."

"I do not want a wife," said Tessier, "and I have no need for a toothbrush." He bared his toothless gums.

"You used to have excellent teeth," said Ratapoil.

"I have none left that show—I was kicked in the face by a horse."

"Then drink, Tessier, drink. Brandy needs no chewing."

Tessier drank, muttering, "The Devil take all horses, and, in particular, dapple-grey mares that show the whites of their eyes. Believe me, Ratapoil, men, women and horses are never to be trusted when they show the whites of their eyes below the iris. Also, beware of Roman noses; they, also, are signs of danger in men, women and horses."

"I detest horses," said Ratapoil. "But then, I am an infantryman, born and bred. But what were you doing on horseback at your time of life, Tessier?"

"Taking my place in the scheme of things," said Tessier sombrely. His pale, toothless mouth pulsed like a frog's throat as he sucked his cigar alight at a candle. Then he went on:

YOU, Ratapoil, were always a Legitimist at heart. I, at bottom, was always a good Republican. But both of us loved France first and foremost; therefore, we gave of our best to Napoleon for the greater glory of France. And, after we had grown old in his service, Bonaparte brushed us off, like dust from his cuffs; you for breach of discipline, me as a political suspect. Then, indeed, we joined little anti-Napoleonist clubs. You were in the Malet plot; I was a member of the Brutus Club. Still, we were old comrades and helped each other. You escaped from France by the skin of your teeth in 1812, and came here to America. I stayed, more fool me!

I still clung to some mad hope of a Republican coup. If that hope had been realized I should now be a general. As events occurred, Louis XVIII came back to France when Napoleon went to Elba.

You, wisely, stayed in New Orleans. But where was I to go? Whichever way the cat jumped, I was the mouse. At that time, the Bonapartists hated me; the Legitimists hated me; the Republicans, driven underground, split into a hundred tiny sects, every one of which execrated me as a heretic, a Republican of the old-fashioned classical school.

I got out of Paris and wandered, living from hand to mouth. For a while, I was a waiter in Antwerp, and then I worked for a bookseller in England, compiling a French grammar and phrase book for young ladies. Then I went to Belgium, as courier and what-you-will to an Anglo-Indian gentleman. But not long after Napoleon returned from Elba and the infantry hailed him again as Emperor, my nabob paid me off and made for Flushing and the sea in a light carriage, leaving me with a trunkful of soiled linen and one of his horses—a dapple-grey mare named Cocotte.

Before my nabob left me, Cocotte had cast a shoe on that appalling stretch of road between Marchienne and Fontaine l'Evêque, by the River Sambre; a most desolate and dreadful place. It was a wet spring, that spring of 1815, and nowhere wetter or more sombre than at Marchienne.

We had put up at a questionable kind of inn. Originally it had been named *L'Aiglon*, the Young Eagle. As soon as Napoleon was deposed, the landlord had painted out his sign, leaving it blank. Later he had daubed on a *fleur-de-lis*. When we arrived, he was trying to smear back the eagle—the news of the Emperor's return from Elba had already broken.

THIS innkeeper's name was Morkens, and he was a boor. He had some arrangement with the local blacksmith; if a traveller lost a horseshoe or the merest linchpin, the blacksmith would detain him, so that he was compelled to stay with Morkens. Morkens charged the traveller treble, and the blacksmith charged him quintuple; each paid the other commission.

We paused at this inn—call it what you will—intending to stop for two hours. Two days later the mare was still unshod.

"Is it my fault?" whines this execrable Morkens. "If milord is in a hurry, I can sell him a horse."

"Do so," says my master, and Morkens sells him an abominable screw for the price of a thoroughbred, swearing that he is taking the bread out of his children's mouths.

"I'll pay!" cries my nabob, dashing down golden guineas. Then, to me, "Here's your money, my good man. Can't take you with me. Travelling light; can't spare weight. Here's another ten guineas for you."

"Your trunk, milord? The mare?"

"Oh, damn the trunk and confound the mare! Keep 'em! I'm away!" cries he. And off he went.

The chaise was not out of sight when this Morkens turned to me and said, "The linen he left behind in that trunk is of the finest cambric."

"How do you know?" I asked.

"Oh," said Morkens, "I gathered as much from the quality of the stuff your master had on his back. Why do you ask? Would I look in his trunks?"

"Of course not," I answered.

You understand; my instinct warned me to continue to play the perfect courier cum *valet de chambre* with this Morkens. I spoke primly, but at the same time gave him a sidelong glance, smiling with the right-hand corner of my mouth, while I winked with the left eye, falling impassive again, upon the instant.

"Now look here," said he; "then we'll go halves." And he looked me straight in the eye.

Morkens and his wife bustled off, completely

"Halves? Of what?" I asked.

"Oh, linen and what not," said Morkens. "The linen, the horse——"

"But milord gave the horse and the linen to me, my friend," I said. "You heard him."

He shouted, "Hey, Maria!" and his wife came out. She was good-looking in the Flemish style—a skin like cream and hair like copper. The cream soon goes cheesy and the copper tarnishes; still, while their looks last, Flemish women, as you know, are very pretty, if you like something to get hold of—if you understand what I mean. Marie Morkens must have been a good twenty years younger than her husband, and she had the sleek look and something of the colouring of a fine, healthy, tortoise-shell cat. I remember that she had golden eyelashes; never trust a woman with fair eyelashes.

"My darling," said Morkens, "did we hear milord giving his horse and his linen to this gentleman?"

She answered: "Of course not, my dear. . . . Hey, Cornelys, come here!"

Cornelys, the blacksmith, whose smithy was only twenty yards away, came running, hammer in hand, and stood open-mouthed, a veritable Vulcan with his leather apron and his blackened face.

He stood, grinning like an idiot, rolling his inflamed eyes at the innkeeper's wife, with whom he was obviously head over heels in love.

"Cornelys," said she, "you did not hear the

unsuspecting, to fetch wines and spices, leaving Tessier at the table. As soon as their backs were turned, he emptied his bottle of laudanum into the bowl

English milord giving his horse and his linen to this gentleman here, did you?"

"No."

"You heard him giving them to my husband, didn't you?"

"Did I? Oh, yes, I remember now. That's right; to your husband, certainly," said this idiot.

Morkens said: "So there you are!"

You know, my friend, that I am nicknamed the Fox; I am supposed to be incredibly clever. In point of fact, I am not; I pass as clever only because, in an emergency, I keep a cool head, hold my tongue, keep my temper and wait to see which way the cat jumps. I hold by the old apophthegm "To the ignorant much is told," moreover. I give away as little as possible and prefer to profess, above all, an abysmal ignorance of foreign languages when in out-of-the-way places. In Flanders, for example, I pretended not to understand Flemish, although I understood it perfectly; thus I overheard many interesting things.

Now, the woman turned to her husband and in the barbarous dialect of the locality—it always reminds me of a dog with a bone in his throat—said: "Joris, give him the horse. One side or the other will be advancing or retreating any day now, and horses will be commandeered, anyway."

"Give him the horse? Are you out of your mind, wife?"

She purred in her throat: "Give him the horse, I say, husband; and sell him a saddle."

"You are right, my heart."

"I am not your heart; I am your brain, you fool. Let me handle this," said she. Then to me, in French: "Nevertheless, monsieur, it is not in my character to see a traveller stranded in this god-forsaken mud. My husband is willing to lend you milord's horse. A light rider, like yourself, can easily overtake milord's coach, which will be going heavily, the roads being as they are. You can join milord at Flushing, and all's well that ends well. No?"

I said, with simulated reluctance: "Very well. I see that I am outnumbered here. Shoe me the mare and let me go."

The blacksmith said: "Oh, as for that—ten minutes! The shoe is made."

So I led the dapple-grey mare out of the stable and to the forge. Madame Morkens accompanied me. She stood, hugging herself as if in secret delight at some incommunicable titillating thought, as such women will, while Cornelys went to work with rasp and hammer. That lovesick clown's mind was not on his work. Every other second he paused to make sheep's eyes at Madame Morkens. Once, indeed, while he was driving home the first nail, the mare, Cocotte, almost kicked him into his own fire.

But at last, Cocotte was shod and I led her back to the inn. Madame Morkens lingered for a few seconds. I heard the smack of a boorish kiss, and when she joined me she was wiping soot from her face with her apron. And then the rain came down again—but what rain! Every drop hit the mud with a smack and a splash like a musket ball.

The landlord had prepared some pleasant concoction of mulled spiced wine. He said: "Well, so now you have your horse all right and tight. No doubt monsieur is an expert bareback rider, like the ladies in the circus?" I asked him what he meant, as if I did not know. He continued: "Monsieur proposes, no doubt, to ride to Flushing without saddle?"

"Oh, oh!" said I. "I never thought of that. Oh, dear!"

"As luck will have it," he said, "I have a fine English hunting saddle, almost brand new. I can let you have it dirt cheap, if you like."

"I'd like to have a look at it," I said.

It was my intention, you see, to have him saddle and harness Cocotte, and then, pretending to try the saddle for comfort, to get my feet in the stirrups, give the mare the edge of my heel and so away.

But he said: "Oh, the saddle's in the stable and the rain is coming down in bucketfuls. Let it give over. Why hurry?"

The saddle was in the stable, then; that was something worth knowing.

The woman said: "And it will soon be dark, monsieur, and the roads are terrible. Best take your dinner at your ease and stay the night and make a good start at daybreak," and gave her

Continued on page 25

Cab Calloway's Sportin' Life

by NORMAN PHILLIPS

A shoe-shine boy who made a fortune, Cab Calloway is a dynamic advertisement of the American Way of Life. Now the zoot-suited Dean of Jive is storming Britain in a new rôle—operatic star

HARLEM'S COTTON CLUB was crowded on that night in the thirties when a lean and vivacious band leader in immaculate, if startling, green evening dress took the stand, began a new number and halfway through the song forgot the words. Instead of giving up, Cab Calloway immediately launched a new style of singing. His voice suddenly produced a series of unintelligible sounds, mostly variations on the syllables hi-de-ho; and the art of scat singing was born.

"Hi-de-ho was really an accident," Calloway says today. "I had to improvise, using any sound I could make up at the moment. The people really liked it."

Among the devotees of hi-de-ho have been holiday camp organizers and jazz enthusiasts all over the world. Among its opponents was the B.B.C., which insisted on saying "bright" instead of "hot" music and which banned scat singing altogether soon after Calloway's first visit to Britain eighteen years ago.

Now forty-seven, Calloway is still billed as Royal Highness of Hi-de-ho, Dean of Jive, sponsor of the zoot suit and consulting lexicographer to the New York Public Library. He is back in London, as Sportin' Life in the Gershwin opera *Porgy And Bess*, partly as a result of another ban on his style of singing—the one imposed by Hitler.

"Hitler," says Cab, "banned all my records, with the result that the Germans today are hungry for jazz. Why, Hitler had such a phobia about our kind of rhythm that he even accused us of using a musical code to communicate with the anti-Nazi underground. What an idiotic idea!"

Calloway got the chance to study the German jazz situation through the American State Department, which sponsored the appearance of *Porgy And Bess* in festivals at Berlin and Vienna. The cast of sixty, costumes and sets were flown across the Atlantic at government expense.

Hot Jazz Diplomat

An authority on hot jazz and composer of seventy-five songs, Calloway was sent to the cultural front of the cold war as a shrewd diplomatic move. He not only caters to the Continental interest in jazz (a musical form in disfavour behind the Iron Curtain), but he also presents a highly vocal advertisement for the American Way of Life. From shoe-shine boy and newspaper vendor, Cab has risen to the level where his gross income touched £320,000 in one year.

German appetite for jazz kept Calloway busy all the time he was not being Sportin' Life in Berlin. "We had quite a few sessions in a night club called the Bathtub," he says. "In the daytime these jazz enthusiasts would keep me talking for hours."

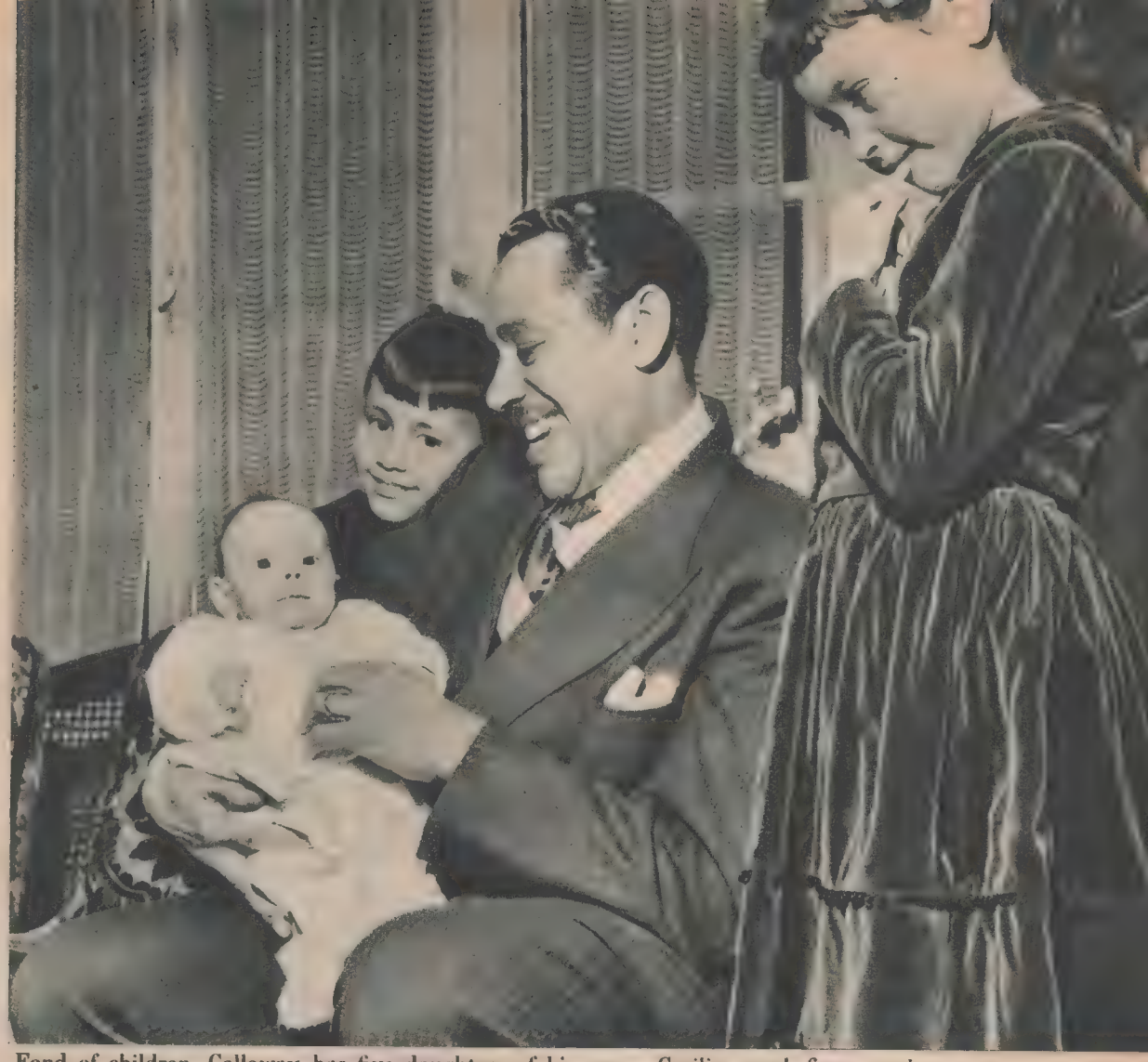
British fans are equally enthusiastic. "In America, jazz is just another kind of entertainment. Here it is really considered an art." This appreciation compensates Calloway for loss of income while on the legitimate stage. Acting is not so rewarding as band leading, although he draws about £200 a week for his performance in *Porgy And Bess*. "Acting also has," he says, "a little more distinction."

In *Porgy And Bess*, Calloway shares the limelight with some eminent singers and actors, as well as a scene-stealing goat known as Jebob. The original Jebob was a native of Texas and, before permission to enter Austria was granted, the United States High Commissioner had to

Cab Calloway courts Urylee Leonardos in a scene from George Gershwin's opera *Porgy And Bess*, now showing in London. Unlike the slick playboy rôle he acts, Cab is really a family man

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM KEMP

His famous zoot suit. Cab says, "I'd never wear it on the street for all the money in the world"



Fond of children, Calloway has five daughters of his own. Cecilia, aged five, nestles on father's shoulder, while seven-year-old Christopher gazes at baby Cabella, born last October

intervene and underwrite an assurance that Jebob's milk would not compete on the local market. The guarantee was easy to give because Jebob was a billy-goat. "We also had to promise that Jebob would not fraternize with local lady goats," Calloway says.

British quarantine regulations finally ended the Texan's stage career. He languishes in Germany, and an English nanny-goat has taken over the part in London.

Another British regulation, which does not allow children under twelve to appear on the stage, also blighted the career of Calloway's friend, six-year-old Gail Barnes. "Cab," says her father, Irving Barnes, "surprised everyone in the show by turning out to be a great family man rather than the playboy type we thought he would be. In New York he telephoned Gail to ask if she were coming on the European tour. He hoped she would, because he planned to bring his own youngsters."

The Calloway family consists of his wife, Zulme—who is also known as "Nuffie"—and five daughters. "My wife," Cab explains with a gleaming grin, "is the youngest of a large family and, when she was born, her mother said, 'That's enough!' It became a nickname, was shortened to 'Nuffie,' and has stuck to her ever since."

Carved Name On Wall

There is no indication of the same nickname being applied to Calloway's fifth daughter, who was born in New York on October 10 and first met her father when she flew to London early in December. Her name is Cabella, a feminine version of Cab's Christian name, Cabell. He is the third Cabell Calloway in his family, but so far his hopes for a son have been unfulfilled. He has called his other girls Carmay, Constance, Christopher and Cecilia.

Leontyne Price, who alternates with Urylee Leonardos in playing the rôle of the voluptuous Bess in the show, often teases Calloway about his fondness for children. "In Vienna," she says, "there was always a band of youngsters at the stage door waiting for Cab, and they got along famously although they couldn't understand each other's language. Before we left Austria, those kids chiselled Calloway's name in foot-high letters on the stone wall of the theatre."

William Warfield, who plays Porgy, says: "During the first part of the tour, Cab was a worried man, although he tried not to show it. The baby Cabella was about a month late in arriving. Then one morning my phone rang and I heard a high-pitched voice say: 'Warfield, it's a girl!' When he said 'girl' I knew it was Cab. He was so excited that his voice was almost soprano."

Joker With A Camera

According to Georgia Burke, also in the show, Calloway is "as mischievous as a six-year-old boy." An ardent amateur photographer, Cab delights in collecting unflattering likenesses of his friends. "He spent one plane trip," Miss Burke recalls, "making paper hats, putting them on the heads of people who were asleep, and then photographing them wearing these crazy hats and with cigarettes sticking out of their ears."

Calloway's lack of side almost caused his undoing not long ago, when one of the cast celebrated a birthday. In the scramble to "bump" this actor, Cab ended up at the bottom of the heap and cracked two ribs.

As an actor, Calloway has had to raise his voice from baritone to tenor. However, he still sings some of his numbers in a modified form of the "scat" style that made him famous. "Scat" singing comes from the substitution of nonsense syllables for words. "Skeeten," "scatten," "sk-bop-a-do" and "skadio" were some of the meaningless phrases Cab invented along with "hi-de-ho."

Quick to realize that he had made a discovery, Calloway sat down to write a song incorporating these fanciful sounds. The result was "Minnie the Moocher," a perennial that still yields income for its composer. The song tells of a dream Minnie had about the King of Sweden, "who gave her things she was needin'."

"I wrote that last line," Calloway says, "before bringing in the King of Sweden. He's in the song because Sweden rhymes with needin'. If I were writing it today I might have used Anthony Eden. Perhaps Anthony Eden wouldn't be such a good idea," Calloway adds thoughtfully. "It mightn't be good taste. But the Swedish people took the mention of their king as a joke."

A "moocher," according to Cab, is "someone trying to get something for nothing." He is an authority on words like this and the strange language employed by jazz and jive enthusiasts. His *Hepster's Dictionary*, which first appeared in 1938 and has gone through six editions, is a collection of musical slang. The New York Public Library keeps it on file at all branches as a recognized work of reference. "Getting giggle in our guzzle" for drinking; "giving the glims" for making eyes at; "gammin'" for showing off, are a few of the specimens Calloway has collected. He is also responsible for coining the now well-known word "jitterbug."

The Original Jitterbug

"There was a trombone player in the band," Cab says, "and we called him 'Bug' because he was a bug for booze. He'd go on a bender and turn up for work all jittery and shaking from head to foot. The first time I saw some kids dancing that way, I turned to a friend and said, 'Remember that trombone player, Jitterbug?' and the word stuck to that kind of dancing."

"Jitterbug" was later used by Sir Samuel Hoare and Neville Chamberlain, both of whom lost the original meaning of the word. When he was Home Secretary in 1939, Sir Samuel told the House of Commons: "There is a class of

people who sit listening in hysterical excitement to what is called hot music and waiting for the final crash. Americans, in their forceful language, call them jitterbugs. There are many people in Europe today that seem to be behaving in much the same way. They sit listening to all the hot music of scares and alarms, waiting for the final crash that, according to them, will destroy us all." On the eve of war, the Prime Minister, Mr. Chamberlain, referred to alarmists as "jitterbugs," much to the amazement of jazz fans.

Calloway also had a hand in the coining of "jive," a word which he defines as "just a make-believe thing." This resulted in New York University electing him Dean of American Jive.

Zoot Suit Set Fashion

Cab rarely uses jazz talk now, although he maintains that he and his fellow musicians can conduct conversations in it that would be utterly incomprehensible to anyone else. "'Be-boppers' took over the language," Cab declares, "and I've sort of put it down. That means let it go."

The Dean of Jive has not lost interest in another of his trade marks, the zoot suit, and for a recent Sunday jazz concert in London's Albert Hall he had his original white "set of threads" flown from New York. This curious garment was designed by Cab and first worn in the film *Stormy Weather*. It resulted in a brief mania among youthful jazz-fanciers for outfits featuring built-up shoulders, draped jackets of extreme length and almost ankle-tight trousers.

"I'd never wear a thing like that on the street for all the money in the world," says Cab. He is, however, given to styles that bring looks of pain to Savile Row tailors. He arrived in London wearing an overcoat of dressing-gown proportions in an off-white shade, with contrasting hand stitching.

As a band leader, Calloway travelled with a wardrobe of thirty suits so he could make as many as twelve changes in one evening. He carries this fastidiousness into the theatre and, once dressed for his part, never sits down for fear of spoiling the crease of his costume. On stage and off, Calloway's wardrobe is cleverly cut to make him look taller than his five feet eight inches.

Although he now weighs more than thirteen stone, he is in good enough condition to play in the basketball team organized by the *Porgy And Bess* company for recreation during their London run. Basketball and American rugby were Calloway's chief interests before he went into the entertainment business.

"Walking The Hots"

Cab Calloway was born in Rochester, New York, on December 25, a fact that severely curtailed the family Christmas. The Calloways moved to Baltimore, Maryland, when Cab was six, and he earned his first money there working as a newspaper boy.

"There were a lot of race tracks nearby," he says. "I used to shine shoes for people going to the track, and sell them papers on their way home. While the races were on, I'd pick up more money by walking the hots."

"Walking the hots" meant leading a sweating horse up and down after a race so that the animal could cool off before entering its stall. Cab liked the work and found it lucrative, but it conflicted with his studies. "I began ditching school, so my mother packed me off to a boarding school in Pennsylvania run by my great-uncle. There was no chance to earn any money on the side there,"

Cab later returned to Baltimore, where he sang in the choir of Bethlehem Methodist Episcopal Church, and eventually graduated from Douglas High School. Graduation coincided with the visit to Baltimore of a show called *Plantation Days,* in which Cab's sister Blanche was appearing. Cab talked Blanche into getting him a job with the show.

"We told my mother that this would be a good way of getting to Chicago, where I could study law at Crane College," Calloway says. "I did go to college for two and a half terms, but at the same time I was getting ahead in show business. I gave up the idea of ever being a lawyer."

He progressed from singer in a quartette to master of ceremonies and then co-producer of a night club show. In his spare time he played drums or just listened to the music of Louis Armstrong, Father Hines and the classic jazz musicians of the Chicago school. "Louis Armstrong," he says wistfully, "sometimes let me play the drums for him."

A custom of the time was for musicians to organize themselves into co-operative orchestras. One of these groups invited Calloway to lead them.

The band was known as Cab Calloway and his Alabamians, and soon they were invited to appear at the Savoy Ballroom in Harlem. Cab suggested that they should rehearse the hot jazz then popular in New York rather than stick to their Chicago style of playing. The musicians, who each had a share in the orchestra, overruled him. "We nearly was a complete flop," Cab recalls. "When we played at the Savoy Ballroom we got our fortnight's notice on opening night."

Gangsters Bust Up Club

The Alabamians disbanded, and another co-operative group called the Missourians asked Cab to lead them. He accepted on the understanding that he would be the boss. The band was booked to open a new Harlem night club known as The Plantation.

"Those were the days when the gangsters dominated night life, and the owner of this club opened against the wishes of one gang. It was a sensational show with rave notices and heavy bookings for the next night. I called a morning rehearsal, but the gangsters got there before the band. They bust the place up with axes, smashed the mirrors lining the walls and even tore our music in half. That was the end of the engagement. The owner was so scared that he skipped town, and there was no way for us to collect our money."

Despite these reverses, Calloway was not far from financial success. In the heyday of big orchestras his income reached fabulous proportions. In two weeks, at New York's Paramount Theatre, fans paid £30,000 at the box office to hear him. In one year his gross income reached £320,000, which, of course, had to be shared with the band and the administrative organization that grew around it.

One night, at Harlem's Cotton Club, George Gershwin invited Calloway to his table and told him about a folk opera he had composed called *Porgy And Bess.* "There's a character I've created called Sportin' Life," Gershwin said. "The part would just fit you. Would you be interested?"

Too Much Money At Stake

Cab was interested, but he had to consult his managers and agents. "Too much money was involved to allow me to leave the band to become an actor," Calloway says now. "I had to wait seventeen years before the opportunity came again. The band business being what it is today, I was able to take the part in this revival."

But Calloway was not allowed to escape entirely from his reputation as an orchestra leader. One night in Chicago, where members of the local symphony orchestra played the accompaniment to *Porgy And Bess,* Cab Calloway's wife heard a stranger discuss her husband.

"That Cab Calloway," said the man. "His band sure sounded good tonight!" THE END

Another outstanding John Bull supplement

DOWN YOUR GARDEN

with RICHARD DIMBLEBY

John Bull presents . . .

With every copy of next week's issue, a magnificent eight-page supplement, *DOWN YOUR GARDEN with Richard Dimbleby.* Lavishly illustrated, it will have a rich appeal for every reader who owns or loves a garden. In it, the famous broadcaster—who has travelled the length and breadth of Britain more than any other man during the past few years—hands on the best of what he has seen and learned about the great British pastime of gardening.

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The central feature of the supplement will be a calendar in brilliant colour of a year in the life of a garden. Giving month-by-month advice from experts, and with Dimbleby's own choice of flowers for red, white and blue Coronation displays, it will be a colourful and instructive guide to better gardening which every reader will want to keep for reference throughout the year.

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INSIDE EVERY COPY OF NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

TAKE IT FROM ME (3) *Jimmy Edwards continues his life-story with a rollicking account of his rookie days in the R.A.F.*

I was unfit to sweep a hangar

Jimmy, his famous moustache sprouting nicely, is twenty-one here, a trainee pilot in Canada

WHEN I HEARD the news that war had been declared, I was working on a farm with several other undergraduates during the Long Vacation. I was nineteen then, and I went back to Cambridge at the start of the next term, not quite knowing what to do about the war. The O.T.C. had filled its ranks to capacity and I felt no inclination to join the Air Squadron. I compromised by putting my name down for the Local Defence Volunteers, which later became the Home Guard. Otherwise, my life went on with the usual round of lectures, choir practices, chapel services, dance band activities, Union debates, and so on.

By the time November 11 came along, I was organizing Cambridge's lavish Poppy Day arrangements. We held a procession through the streets. I was in it, blowing my trombone from the back of a lorry. Later, we split up into small groups. I and two friends, Max Homan and Johnny Fowler, wandered through the back streets of Cambridge as a song-and-dance trio. Johnny played the piano accordion; I continued on the trombone; and Max, looking even longer and lankier in top hat and tails, danced a tap routine on a portable square of plywood. I would stop playing in the middle of the act, and pass a hat among the onlookers while my partners carried on. We collected quite a sum in this way.

Another team did not do so well. This enterprising trio of undergraduates had made the mistake of dressing up as a proctor and his two "bulldogs." Thus attired, they stopped every undergraduate they met and demanded money for the fund. Their plan began well, but it ended in ignominy when they came face to face with their genuine counterparts. The proctor failed to appreciate the worthiness of their purpose and grimly sent them back to their colleges.

Putting A Sock In It

Later, we all got together to put the finishing touches to the Poppy Day concert, a combined effort of the Footlights Dramatic Club and the Amateur Dramatic Club. (During the previous term, incidentally, Wallas Eaton—now a member of the *Take It From Here* radio team—had been president of the A.D.C., but I had never actually met him.) The show was a huge success, and it was during a post-concert meeting that we decided to do something about entertaining the troops. Towards this end, we organized a concert party, and from then on we were very busy performing two or three times a week to troops all over the district.

One week we played to a vast khaki-clad audience at Ely. It was at this concert that a member of the audience had one of those annoyingly outstanding guffaws which seem to amuse those in front, but always succeed in taking the focus away from those behind the footlights. He roared away at any excuse, loving the attention he drew. In the second half of the show he was still at it. I decided to take him down a peg. When I went on I waited for his laugh. Then I pulled a filthy sock from my pocket and held it up. "Would you like to use this?" I asked him.

The laugh that followed was not for, but against him. His face turned beet-red, and after that he guffawed no more. I was learning how to handle an audience.

Unfortunately, in my ignorance of army matters, I sometimes put my foot in it. Once, after a concert, an officer—referring to the women helping at the canteen bar—remarked to

Friend Sarah Eberts smiles as Jimmy swops yarns with Ioan Vaughan Jones, ex-R.A.F. comrade

me: "The ladies are very busy tonight, aren't they?" Reaching too far for a witty comment, I murmured: "Yes. But are you sure they're ladies?" He drew himself up rigidly. "They happen to be officers' wives," he said coldly. "One of them is mine." Clanger number one!

On another occasion, we were giving our show at the Y.M.C.A. in Cambridge, and I told a couple of somewhat doubtful jokes between two of the scenes. The supervisor came running round and said to me: "You can't tell jokes like that here." I said to him: "What's the matter—are there some ladies present?"

"No," he replied, "but there may be some gentlemen!"

Laugh Like A Nanny-goat's

During all these shows, the trombone act was my speciality, and Max Homan always supported me on the piano. He had a wonderful way of keeping a perfectly straight face when telling a gag, and this added to the comic effect. He had a volatile sense of humour, and when he laughed he sounded like a nanny-goat. Max was a medical student and his room was always littered with bones and skulls. He knew that such sights revolted me, and scattered these properties around when he knew I was coming. We got on well together, just the same.

Max was the first person to get me to take a drink. I often used to visit his rooms after dinner, when he and some other friends would take a glass of beer. The thought of alcohol horrified me in those days and, perversely, Max would always offer me a glass. Sometimes, I would refuse to go back to his room for fear of being tempted. One evening, Max was really persuasive. "Come on, Jimmy," he argued. "It'll do you good. And, after all, you've got to start some time."

He caught me in a moment of weakness. "Well, I might just have one glass to see what it's like," I conceded cautiously. Alas! The one glass became two, three, four. . . .

"Well, Jimmy," Max said presently, "how do you like it?"

I stood up. "I feel a bit funny," I said. Then I started to giggle. When I didn't stop, Max's face took on a look of concern. He stepped out of the room and came back with an iced cake. "Have a slice," he offered, hoping to sober me up. "Slice?" I chortled. "I'll take the whole thing." I did and, still giggling, threw it at the wall. His room soon became a shambles.

Next morning, Max looked at me with great interest. "How do you feel now, Jimmy?" he asked. I felt fine, and I told him so. Max just shook his head with an air of bewilderment. I should have had a hangover, of course, but my head was as clear as a bell. I didn't know it at the time, but at that moment Max resolved to even the score for the mess I had made of his room. I had to suffer *somehow*.

My landlady, Miss Clifton, did not approve of drinking, as Max well knew. She was a snowy-haired woman in spectacles, a woollen cardigan and skirt, thick stockings and low-heeled shoes. I liked her. One evening, Max dropped around for a beer and, on leaving, met Miss Clifton in the passage. He seized his opportunity. "Now, Miss Clifton," he said in a confidential tone, "you ought to watch Mr. Edwards. He's always drunk, you know."

"Oh, go on, Mr. Homan! You're joking!"

Max gravely shook his head. "You just watch him carefully next time he comes in," he said.

"Well!" Miss Clifton replied in astonishment. After this, she examined me closely every night when I came in, and sniffed for alcoholic fumes.

About then, as it happened, I was "gated"—confined indoors after eight in the evening—for a fortnight. The Dean told me he had noticed I had been pretty slack about things, and coming in twenty-two minutes late one night was the last straw. But I determined not to let this confinement spoil my pleasure. Every evening, I invited friends in to play cards and drink beer. I kept all the bottles, and at the end of the two weeks I had a row of empties on the floor all along one wall. One evening, soon after, an old friend called to see me. I happened to be out.

"You wish to see Mr. Edwards?" Miss Clifton sniffed. "Oh, *he's* been drunk for a fortnight!" It took a lot of explaining to wriggle out of that.

The war went on. Every night the Whitleys and Wellingtons from neighbouring aerodromes droned overhead. Every day, more and more airmen appeared on parade in the various colleges and were seen marching through the streets. I had tried for an early call-up into the army, but my friend, Ioan Vaughan Jones, who had followed me from King's College School and was now in residence at Selwyn College, persuaded me to volunteer with him for the R.A.F.

I had no real interest in flying, but at the time I thought there might be an advantage in going into a service with a friend. Ioan and I had a naïve idea that we might eventually fly together and, with that in mind, we visited the recruiting station and then waited our call for an interview at Uxbridge. Presently, we were summoned for our selection board there.

The Spud-peeling "Pilots"

At Uxbridge, we walked up to the main gates. The airman on duty grinned. "Going to be a pilot?" he asked.

"Yes," I said. "We are."

"Ha!" he retorted. "So was I, four months ago." Ioan and I exchanged a startled look.

We were early, and had lunch in the airmen's mess. One of the cooks, a dark young man sweating behind the counter, surrounded by dirty dishes, glanced at my scarf. "Hullo! St. John's College, I see." Then he poured out his tale of woe. He had come from Cambridge, anxious to be a pilot. "I've been peeling potatoes for six months," he grimaced. "There's an Imperial Airways pilot here with hundreds of hours' flying time. He's doing the same work."

I did not pause to consider that the R.A.F. was expanding so rapidly it was not able to absorb everyone into flying duties at once. Still, I felt sure things would be different with Ioan and me. Presently, we filled in our multiple forms, and I was called into an office where I faced a grim trio of officers. I knew nothing of military discipline, and sat back casually before them with my hands in my trousers pockets.

"Sit up straight, take your hands out of your pockets, and call me sir!" the officer in the middle snapped out suddenly. I was annoyed. I was a civilian and had come to volunteer. How was I to know who was a senior officer and who was not? They asked me several questions and learned that I was reading history at Cambridge. The officer on the chairman's right pounced on that. "Reading history, eh? What was the date of the Battle of Waterloo?"

Back-chat Sealed His Fate

"I don't know," I replied sullenly. "We don't concentrate on dates. Don't you think that dates are rather out of date?"

The officer snorted. One of his colleagues asked: "How would you get the height of that building by trigonometry?" He pointed out of the window.

"I wouldn't. I haven't done any trigonometry," I said. That sealed my fate. "Sit over there for a moment," he told me crisply, and they put their heads together for a very brief council. I was called back to the table. "We are not interested in having you as a pilot or observer," he said, "but, if you wish, Edwards, you can start work tomorrow as a wireless operator-air gunner."

I had not bargained for this, although, in

Continued on page 29

The sort of thing General Roberts buys with his £296 million a year : an army "Champ" is tested in six feet of water. It will run completely submerged

General who spends £9 a second

by ERIC BENNETT

First of two articles about the men who take care of the army that no longer marches on its stomach, but runs on its spares

BRITAIN'S BIGGEST BUSINESS MAN is a soldier, not a company director. He controls a fleet of ships and a complex railway system; manages several million pounds' worth of landed property and a number of livestock farms; runs the largest retail business in the country, backed by a mammoth repair organization. In the current financial year he is spending £296 million of taxpayers' money. He is General Sir Ouvry L. Roberts, Quartermaster-General of the forces.

General Roberts is tall, fair-haired, and looks rather like an actor type-cast as a country squire. Just over ten years ago he was a sapper lieutenant-colonel at General Headquarters, New Delhi, but his rise was swift during the war. Last August he moved to an office in Q.M.G. House, just off Whitehall.

"There's a lot of talk of the fighting units as 'teeth' and the supply services as the 'tail' of the army," says General Roberts. "Critics complain that the tail is too long, but that is a Crimean War mentality. If you must use the analogy of teeth and tail, then I say the army is a shark whose tail is its driving force. Without the tail the teeth would be useless."

He holds that a modern army does not march on its stomach. It exists on its spares. He learnt that lesson after a vivid experience in Syria in the early stages of the war, when the division to which he belonged was ordered to return from a place called Deir-ez-zor to Baghdad. Sparking plugs were so scarce that, as each convoy of lorries reached Baghdad, the plugs had to be removed and sent back to Deir for use on the remaining lorries. To make sure that sort of thing does not happen again, the general's M.T. depots have now to stock more than 30,000 different spare parts.

Since before the war, the number of separate items held in store by the Royal Army Ordnance Corps has increased from 170,000 to nearly a million. One tank may have as many as seven thousand components, some of which are multiplied, so that a complete stock of spares consists of about 39,000 items. There are radar sets containing nine hundred valves.

Clearing Path For Tanks

Any military operation would come rapidly to a standstill without the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, the corps of soldier tradesmen who go into action with their rifles slung from their shoulders, whether the job is recovering a fifty-ton Centurion tank or maintaining an electronic predictor in working order.

Men of R.E.M.E. are natural improvisors. During the Normandy landings, the Americans had been successfully using heavy fork-like attachments on the front of Sherman tanks for clearing hedgerows and undergrowth from the path of the tanks in the heavily wooded Bocage country. R.E.M.E. was asked to produce twenty-four samples for trial with British units. They were made in three days from steel girders taken from the German underwater obstacles.

General Roberts in one of the army's latest combat suits. He holds a bullet-proof vest of the type now saving casualties in Korea

Another rush job about the same time was a consignment of iron lungs. Crude by modern hospital standards, with inner tubes of motor tyres used for bellows, they nevertheless enabled patients to be flown home.

Shortly after VE-Day it was decided that, as a gesture of friendship, a token presentation should be made on behalf of the British Army in Europe to the Russians, and a set of six solid-gold coffee spoons in a silk-lined leather case, to be presented by Field Marshal Montgomery

Continued on page 28

Ritual Murder

by ***LAURENCE KIRK***

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

The boy had gone—and no one, Armitage found, knew where. A horrible suspicion began to dawn on him . . .

IT WAS the worst drought that had ever been known in the district of Kandu. Drought is the bane and terror of large regions of Africa, but Kandu was not one of the parts normally afflicted. It lay high up in the centre, well away from the scorching deserts; and it not only had its two well-defined rainy seasons, but there was generally a useful shower or two between them. It had been like that all the fifteen years that Armitage had been there as Assistant or District Commissioner and he had never had to worry about it. But that year something serious had gone wrong. The little rains had completely failed: there had been no useful showers; and now, when the big rains ought to have begun, the sun still shone steadily from a brutal, burnished sky.

The District Commissioner's house was built on the side of a hill and he had only too good a view of the brown desolation in the valley below. Everything was parched and dried up. The mealies stood up like gaunt skeletons and creaked in the hot wind. The beans had died; the sweet potatoes had died. The brown leaves on the fruit trees crumbled to dust if you touched them, and even the cassava, which was the starvation crop when everything else failed, was withered and stiff and hard.

Fortunately there was no fear of actual starvation. The Kandu were quite a small tribe and the Government had provided him with supplies of meal which he doled out weekly to the headmen of each of the villages. And there were water-carts doing the rounds, too. But the Kandu were a proud people and they didn't like living on charity. They liked living well, in fact. As a result, the good relations which had been slowly built up between white and black had been deteriorating.

Even Owayo, the ageing chief of the nearest village, didn't seem to trust him any longer. All the little tricks of husbandry that Armitage had taught him had been applied: the terracing to prevent erosion, the rotation of crops, even the use of fertilizers. But what was the use of fertilizers now when the rains didn't come?

Owayo wasn't the only one whose feelings towards him had changed. If he took a walk down the hill he would find some token or emblem at the corner of almost every shamba. It might be just a pair of sticks arranged cross-wise. Or there might be an empty gourd on the top of a pole. Or a piece of goatskin flapping in the wind.

Armitage knew that all these strange signs had a meaning, and that the meaning was always the same. He had failed them and they were thinking of their own old gods.

It was at the end of September, in the midst of all this trouble, that Armitage found another worry in his lap. Little twelve-year-old Kakumbi had disappeared. When a child was missing in that part of the world it was seldom that he was ever found again. A leopard or a crocodile was generally responsible—not that it could possibly have been a crocodile in this case, for the crocodiles had all gone where the water was.

But Armitage had special personal reasons for worrying about Kakumbi. The first thing he had done when he moved into the big house at Kandu was to build himself a tennis court out of a mixture of ant-heap and murram which made an excellent surface. It may seem a strange thing to do when he was the only tennis player within thirty miles. But he was always having visitors on safari. The police officer and the agricultural adviser came regularly twice a month, and there were others as well.

The very first time he had used the tennis court two years before, there had been a small naked boy feeding his father's goats on the slope behind the netting. His eyes opened very wide, showing their whites, when he saw the two bwanas rushing about trying to catch the round white object which kept flying over the net. He caught it quite easily himself when it finally came within reach; and when he handed it politely back to the big bwana he thought that that would be the end of the matter: the big bwana would sit down and eat it and perhaps give a small portion to his friend. But that was not what happened at all. The two bwanas went on slashing it furiously over the net.

KAKUMBI was quite quick on the uptake. By the end of the second evening he began to get the hang of it, and on the third he brought a small tottery brother to look after the goats while he became a self-appointed ball-boy. After that he never missed a game. Armitage generally contrived to let him know when there would be one, but even if he didn't, Kakumbi was always there.

It was Grant, the agricultural adviser, who was his guest the evening Kakumbi failed to show up. Armitage wouldn't have worried so much, but he had met Kakumbi in the road only two days earlier and told him positively that there would be tennis that evening.

He and Grant got into the car and went down to the village where Kakumbi lived. The first person they saw was Kakumbi's mother, sitting dejectedly outside her hut. As Armitage began questioning her, he could feel the other villagers closing in on them, silently watching and listening. From her he learned that Kakumbi hadn't been seen since four o'clock the previous afternoon. The father was still out hunting for him.

The first person they saw was the boy's mother,

Armitage went straight to the headman of the village and asked why he hadn't been informed of Kakumbi's disappearance. The headman replied, almost rudely, that they were doing all they could and didn't see how the bwana could do any more.

Armitage wasn't satisfied with this and drove round the six nearest villages, including Owayo's, asking questions and organizing search parties. He did that although he knew

uatting dejectedly outside her hut. Armitage began questioning her. He could feel the other villagers closing in on them, silently watching and listening

that it was probably already too late. One night in the jungle was enough for a whole body to disappear. But it did occur to him that this time it couldn't have been a leopard or even a hyena. All the four-legged animals had gone miles away where the water was. But that still left the vultures in the sky and the red ants on the dry ground. They would have been quite enough.

It was an unhappy evening in the house on the hill.

THERE was a police officer staying in the house with Armitage the night the rains broke. It wasn't the tennis-playing one who came twice a month, but Griffiths, the Deputy Commissioner from headquarters, who came only once a year. Griffiths was one of the most experienced men in the country, and Armitage set out to pick his brains while they had dinner. The thunder was already rumbling in the distance when he broached the subject on his mind.

"When was the last ritual murder in the country, Griffiths?"

"Four years ago," Griffiths replied at once. "I think we've stamped it out at last."

"What kind of case was it?"

"A chief's wife gave birth to twin girls. That was sufficient proof that someone had cast a spell on her. They picked a victim—a woman—and stabbed her to death. It was a very crude case."

"And before that?"

"There was one two years earlier. That was really a much better example. It was up in the cattle country in Kakamaka, and the cattle all began to die. It was rinderpest, of course. But they thought they knew better than that: at least, the witch-doctor did. By the way, there's always a witch-doctor involved. Anyway, in this case the witch-doctor persuaded the chief that the gods were angry and demanded a sacrifice. So they picked on a victim—a boy it was this time—cut out his liver and offered it to the gods, and the cattle went on dying of rinderpest."

There was a heavy roll of thunder, much nearer than before, and Armitage looked out of the open window.

"I think we're going to get it tonight," he said. Then he went on. "But how do they

decide who the victim will be in cases like this?"

"Almost any old way," Griffiths informed him. "And that's why they're the very devil to follow up. You see, motive doesn't help at all in these cases. Very probably the killers haven't even seen the victim before."

"But how do they decide?" Armitage insisted.

"The witch-doctor does that. He's a wily old devil and he doesn't take any part in the killing himself, but he talks to the chief something like this. 'You will take a walk,' he says. 'You will take a walk along the road to so-and-so. On the road you will meet a boy with a splayed navel. He is the victim that the gods require.' Of course, it needn't be a splayed navel necessarily. A withered foot or any common disfigurement will do."

"Is a chief always involved in it?"

"Almost always. And invariably there's a witch-doctor in the background. He's the one who's so difficult to find."

Armitage noticed that the black cloud outside the window was turning to a sulphurous yellow. There was a long silence inside the room and a long rumble of thunder outside. Armitage had just decided that it was time he told Griffiths what was really on his mind, when things began to happen. First the curtains at the windows were sucked in until they were horizontal. Then everything on the table began to levitate. And finally there was a flash and a crash which knocked both Griffiths and Armitage endways.

After that there was a lull, a still, dead silence for two minutes; and during those two minutes Armitage, Griffiths and all the houseboys were running round the house locking doors and bolting shutters. They had barely finished when the heavens opened. All through the night the house rocked and heaved in the downpour. From the groans it made it might have been a small yacht out in the middle of the Atlantic.

It was a new kind of desolation that met Armitage's eye the next morning. To the east a whole strip of woodland had disappeared, leaving a yawning gully in its place. Northward in the valley there were two quite large lakes where the withered mealies had stood. Not a hut was standing in Owayo's village, and as a final touch of irony the sun shone blithely on it all out of a benign blue sky.

Armitage left Griffiths to his own devices and was up and out early. There were casualties to report; damage to roads and bridges; a hundred new problems to face. He only managed a quarter of it in the morning and hurried back to his house to report by short-wave wireless, which was one of the few things still functioning. The sum total up to that time was twelve drowned, three bridges swept away, two roads impassable, and many shambas ruined.

He was surprised to see Griffiths on the veranda when he came back to the house. Griffiths had finished his work the day before and had been going to continue his journey after breakfast if there was any road left open. Armitage knew that the bridge was still standing on the main road and he was puzzled at finding Griffiths still there.

Then he saw that the two local policemen, tall men from another tribe, were standing by the door.

"Pretty bad, is it?" Griffiths asked as he came up the steps.

Armitage just nodded in answer and Griffiths then looked him straight in the eye.

"Why did you raise the question of ritual murder last night?"

Armitage didn't do any hedging. "I was worried about a boy who had disappeared."

"What age was he?"

"Twelve."

"And his name?"

"Kakumbi."

There was a slight pause, and then Griffiths said: "Did he have one eye-tooth missing?"

Armitage looked at the other miserably. "So you've found him!"

"Yes."

"Well, I've found some bodies, too. Twelve of them, in fact."

"I'm afraid this wasn't the storm, Armitage."

"No?"

"The boy had been dead for ten days or a fortnight."

"Then how did you find him?"

"The storm washed all the earth from the grave."

"I see. . . . Was that all?"

"No. Three of his vertebrae were missing."

Armitage gazed at Griffiths again. "Then it was a ritual murder—that's certain, is it?"

"Yes, there's no doubt about it. The liver. A kidney. One or two vertebrae. It all belongs to the same pattern and points to the same thing."

Armitage sighed and sat down wearily in a basket chair. Griffiths put his hand on his shoulder for a moment and then went on in a different, matter-of-fact tone.

"That bridge isn't going to stand up much longer, is it?"

"No, the river's still rising. The bridge may be gone by tonight."

"Then I must go quickly while I can. I'll report the trouble you're in as soon as I can get to a telephone."

"Yes, do that, please. I'll be sending details through tonight of what I need."

Griffiths gave him one more pat on the shoulder before he ended.

"About the other matter. The boy. We'll have to move very cautiously. I'll send my three best men up to help you at once. I don't want you to do anything at all about it until they arrive."

"All right," Armitage said, and Griffiths got into his car and drove away.

Armitage was out all the afternoon visiting the outlying districts. By the time he got home the death roll had mounted to eighteen. By then the grave which he had ordered to be dug by the tennis court was ready. The houseboys buried the remains of Kakumbi in it and Armitage read a short prayer.

He was up most of the night at the wireless transmitter. That took his mind off Kakumbi. And at least the people at the other end seemed to be on their toes. Public works, medicine, supplies—everything was being arranged.

Again he was out the whole of the following day. But the more distant parts of his district had not suffered so badly and there were no more to add to the death roll. As for the material damage, bad as it was, Armitage realized that it was not as calamitous as it would have been if the drought had continued another fortnight. There was still time to sow the crops, and so life would begin again.

It was nearly sunset when he got back and he flung himself into a chair and tried to relax. It was a lovely clear evening, fresh and peaceful after the storm, and as he had his single sundowner Armitage found it hard to believe that so much had happened during the last forty-eight hours. But there was the little mound on the slope by the tennis court to remind him, and then, as he finished his drink, he saw Owayo coming up the path. He was walking slowly, leaning heavily on a long stick.

Armitage would normally have stood up to meet him; but he was too exhausted that evening and just waited in his chair. Owayo was walking more slowly than usual but his natural dignity was the same as ever. He came on until he was at the bottom of the three steps that led up to the veranda, then he bowed and clasped his hands in the usual greeting.

"Well, Owayo?" Armitage asked. "Is there still more trouble?"

"Yes, Bwana, there is," Owayo replied.

"Well, what is it then?"

"I have come to give myself up."

"Give yourself up!"

"Yes, for the killing of Kakumbi."

Armitage gripped the arms of his chair for a moment. But when he looked down at the finely modelled face in front of him, the flecks of grey above the ears and the soft, kindly eyes, he just couldn't believe it and relaxed.

"Do you know what you're saying, Owayo?" he asked at last.

"Yes, Bwana."

"And you still tell me that you killed Kakumbi? A child like that! And *you* killed

Continued on page 22

Fortune is a Woman

by WINSTON GRAHAM

Sarah Moreton

NEXT WEEK JOHN BULL begins publication of a brilliant new novel by Winston Graham. It is called FORTUNE IS A WOMAN—and it is one of the most exciting stories that we have ever published.

The story is of Oliver Branwell, a young insurance investigator, who is sent to a country house to inquire into a fire claim. There he finds Sarah Moreton, a girl he met once in prewar days before she was married. Then, one terrible night, the house is burnt down—and a man's body is found in the ruins. . . .

What Branwell cannot tell anyone—for Sarah's sake as well as his own—is that he was in the house on that night of the fire; and that the fire was started deliberately.

From then on, he moves in a nerve-racking atmosphere of suspicion; is suspected himself. The more he learns about Sarah, the more he is convinced that she is a party to the fraud—beautiful Sarah, with whom, despite everything, he is desperately in love. . . .

Oliver Branwell

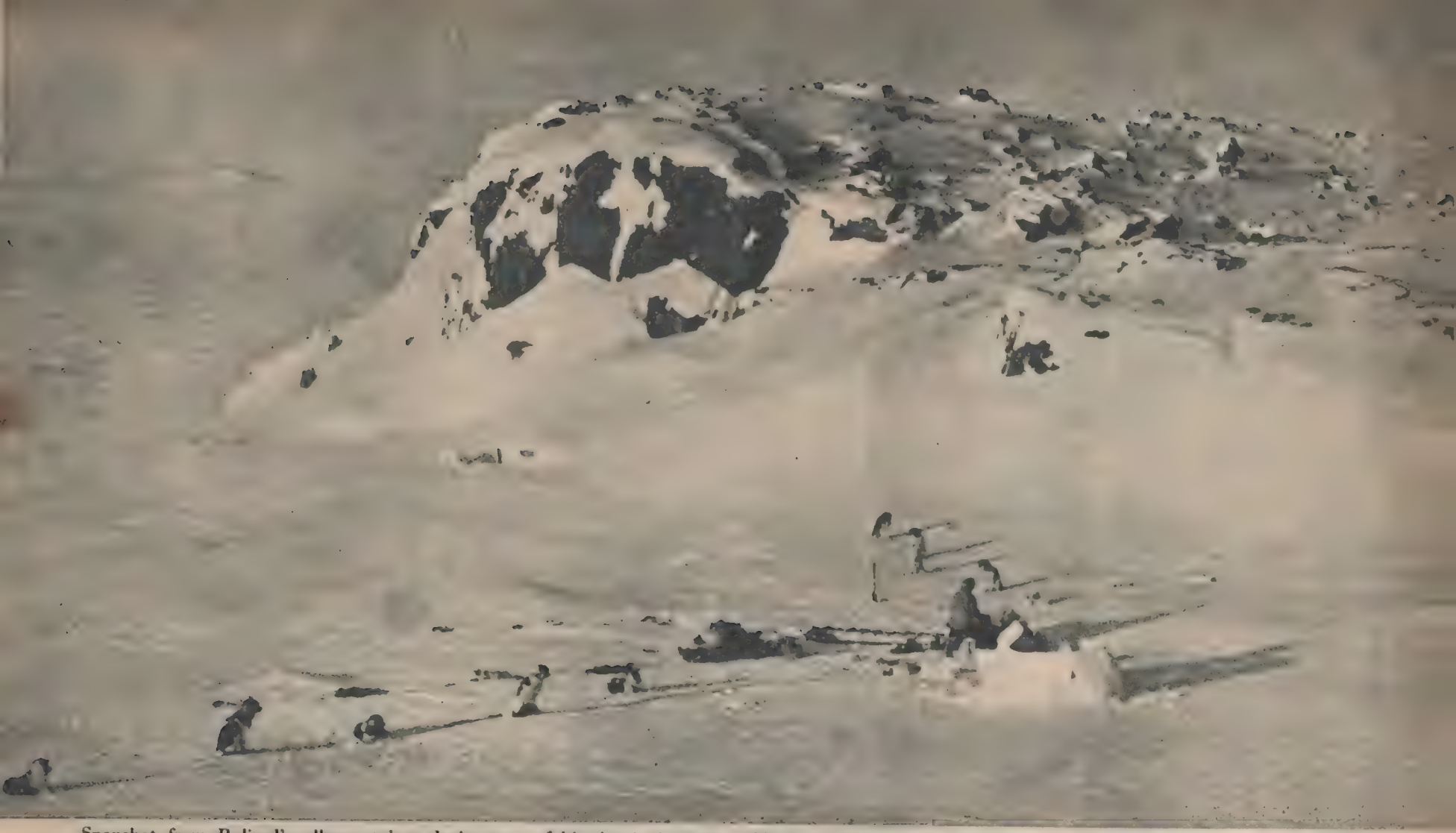
Not for a moment does the tension let up. Like such classic stories as *The Thirty-Nine Steps* and *The Third Man*, FORTUNE IS A WOMAN is told in the first person — by Oliver Branwell, the main character.

Winston Graham used the same technique in his famous *Night Without Stars*, also serialized in JOHN BULL and filmed with Nadia Grey and David Farrar.

And, as in *Night Without Stars*, the result is a tremendously exciting story. The first long instalment, illustrated in full colour by George Ditton, begins, in advance of book publication. . . . *IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK*

ANOTHER BOOK SOCIETY SUCCESS

JOHN BULL is also proud to announce that "The Singer, Not The Song," by Audrey Erskine Lindop (which finished in JOHN BULL last week) has just been chosen as the Book Society Choice for March in Britain, and the Literary Guild Choice for July in the U.S.A. It will be published in book form in the spring by Heinemann, price 12s. 6d. This is the ninth JOHN BULL fiction serial to be singled out for a Book Society award.



Snapshot from Buliard's album, taken during one of his Arctic journeys. While his dogs rest in their traces, he builds an igloo for the night

ROGER BULIARD'S vivid personal story of life among the Canadian Eskimos concludes with his dramatic account of a lone journey in search of the people of the Farthest North

THE LAST FAMILY AT THE EDGE OF THE WORLD

THREE YEARS AFTER I arrived in the Arctic, there were four missions at strategic points along the coast. Only Victoria Island remained to be conquered. To plant the Cross there, among the world's most remote inhabitants, would mean the final victory.

I was still at Coppermine when I received a letter from Bishop Breynat directing me to make an exploratory trip to the west coast of Victoria Island. I was to survey the country, take a census, make sketch maps indicating the locations of the various camps, and study the possibilities for a foundation there.

I loaded my sled with a month's supplies, harnessed my dogs and headed north, determined to carry out the directive. As usual, bad weather, rough country and a series of minor mishaps played havoc with my schedule, but it was an interesting, informative trip in a new country among unknown people.

I asked to be sent there to found a mission. After a great deal of hesitation, the bishop said: "All right, Father Buliard. If you want to go, you may. God be with you."

I was excited. Here was a chance to blaze my own trail, to venture where no others had been; and, too, a chance to plant the Cross farther north than it had ever been carried. The details were quickly arranged. The supply

Roger Buliard. For his work he has been made a Chevalier of the *Legion d'Honneur*

ship, Our Lady of Lourdes, on her way from Coppermine to her west coast base, would detour, carrying my material and supplies to Uyaraktok, the place that had been selected as a base camp for my winter exploration. My instructions were as simple as they were broad. I was to travel north until I had met the last Eskimos, the very final men of the world, then choose a place for a permanent building, at a point from which missionary work could include these final Eskimos. When I gave the signal, the materials for a permanent installation would be forwarded to whatever point I selected.

At last, I was on my way north, accompanied by my Eskimo helper, Tom Kanguak (The Goose) and his wife. One stormy evening, in darkness, we searched for a snowhouse we knew should be there, but could not find it.. Before beginning the wearying chore of building a new one, I told Tom we would have a last try.

I would go on to the next point, and if I had no luck would get busy on an igloo while I waited. Of course, there was no snowhouse, and I had been at work cutting snow blocks for a good half-hour when Tom's team drove up. I glanced at the sled, then quickly looked again. There was only one person aboard, and that was the redoubtable Tom himself. "Tom," I said, "what have you done with your wife?"

"What? My wife? But there she is." He

-good thing we've got some

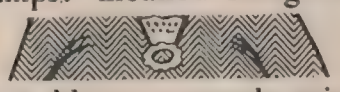
Elastoplast in the house!

Never neglect a cut. Put on a first aid dressing at once. Make sure it is genuine Elastoplast. 94% of people who ask for a brand of first aid dressings demand Elastoplast. From chemists.

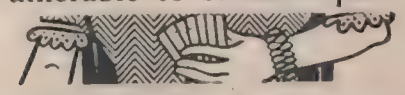
IT'S ELASTOPLAST-ICITY YOU WANT IN FIRST AID

Dealing Indigestion a low trick

'Two no trumps!' moaned bridge-fiend Jane,

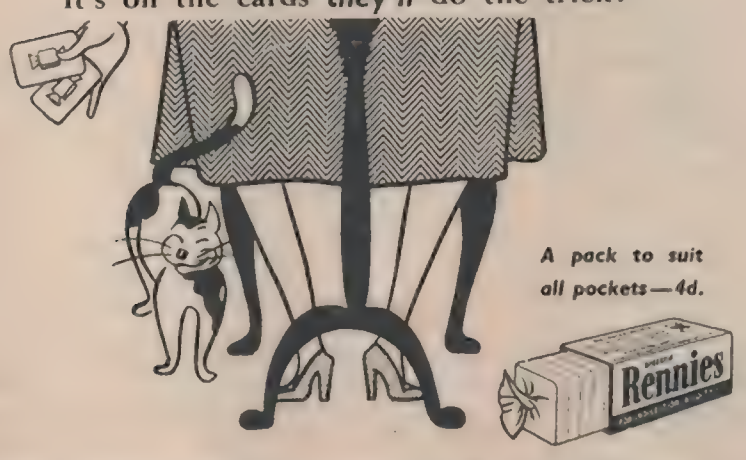


Vulnerable to stomach pain.



'TWO RENNIES!' cried her partner quick,

'It's on the cards *they'll* do the trick!'



A pack to suit all pockets—4d.

Just suck 2 Rennies slowly, like sweets—and suddenly you'll realise that the pain is gone! If Rennies don't relieve your indigestion it's high time you saw a doctor. Trial size 4d. Other sizes available everywhere at 2/10d., 1/7d., and 10d.

looked behind him, then said: "Calamity! I have lost my wife!"

In the darkness, with the flying snow and all that rough ice, he had been so busy pushing his dogs and trying to follow my trail that he had not even noticed that his wife had fallen off the sled. We doubled back and soon found her, stumbling along in the darkness and flying snow, crying, tired, more frightened than hurt.

The cabin we built at Uyaraktok was absurdly small, hardly larger than a tent. I built myself an annexe of canvas inside and snow blocks outside, and this became my solitary room, my cell, if you like. In this icehouse I passed whatever time I remained "at home" that winter, and most of my effort went towards trying to keep the stone lamp burning. Since that winter I have had great respect for the skill of the Eskimo women, whose job it is to tend the recalcitrant oil flame.

The Eskimo camp gave us a chilly reception, and I do not mean chilly in terms of the weather, which was forty below. For a long time my congregation was limited to Tom and his wife. One thing is certain: Arctic clergy run no danger of being overworked so far as ecclesiastical duties are concerned.

I foraged in the next camps, with some success. But my evangelistic zeal was blunted at Minto. They did not like my looks a bit. When I asked for shelter in one of their snowhouses—the custom in the North—they bluntly refused. "No room!" they said.

I Pushed My Way In

Now, I am a peaceful man, but I hate to build a snowhouse if I can help it. I pushed my way into the first igloo, proved there was plenty of room, and laid out my bedding. "Here I am," I said. "Here I stay."

That was Eskimo-style, and no one tried to prevent me from staying.

It was at Minto that I gained my reputation as a dentist, which, in the Arctic, means simply and crudely "tooth-puller." It was a talent that I discovered in myself by accident. A young Eskimo hunter had been complaining for a month or so of a rotten molar. "Father, believe me," he insisted, "it is going to kill me."

One evening at story time I told him he should have it pulled, and a number of volunteers came forward, cheerfully offering to relieve him of his tooth. I loaned the aspirant dentists a pair of small, flat pliers I kept in my sketchy tool chest, and each one tried his luck and skill, or rather his brute strength, on the sufferer's tooth. They roared with amusement at their lack of success and the agonized writhings of their unfortunate comrade.

I took pity on the poor chap and, to save him from the ministrations of his friends, asked for a chance at the jackpot. At the first try I plucked it out like a flower! My first molar.

A few days later, Tom Kanguak's wife had toothache. Tom made several attempts to pull the tooth, then made his wife lie on the floor so that he could get more leverage. She weighed more than two hundred pounds, and Tom lifted her clean off the floor, but the tooth remained in her jaw. I listened to her howling for long enough, then decided to try it myself. Again I got the tooth first shot.

Fame Did Not Help Me

From then on, I was the favourite dentist, famous for five hundred miles around. But my new profession did me no good when I needed dentistry myself. In spite of the encouragement of a cheering crowd who gathered to watch the main event, I left half the tooth in my jaw. I think I would have walked to a real dentist if there had been one nearer than a thousand miles.

It is the igloo, that house of snow, that makes life possible in the woodless Arctic. No tent would survive the northern winter, and to bring in wood for dwellings is beyond the Eskimo's means. Besides, the very essence of his life is its itinerant quality—he is a nomad, a Bohemian, and must, perforce, take his house with him wherever he roams over the faceless steppe. During the summer a skin tent serves him. In winter he finds the materials for his dwelling on the land itself, and houses himself in the very snow that covers everything in sight.

Igloo. The word itself has an icy sound and makes the newcomer shiver with cold. Nevertheless, when he is hungry, exhausted and frozen, the igloo makes a comfortable shelter. Inhabited or not, it is a boon to the Arctic traveller.

If someone is there, it means a hearty welcome and hot tea, a chance to warm oneself. If it has been abandoned, it means at least ready shelter and that much labour saved. The igloo is the Eskimo's architectural masterpiece, his greatest achievement, the supreme example of his triumph in the fight to adapt his way of life to the demands of his grim country.

Works Like A Sculptor

To watch an Eskimo build an igloo is a lesson in man's ability to master his environment. With his sharp, sabre-like knife or fine snow-tester made of caribou antler, the Eskimo first determines the thickness of the snow and makes sure it is of the right consistency—not too hard, not too soft. Then, at a glance, he visualizes the circuit of his project—a perfect circle, always.

In the first half-moon he begins to quarry his snow blocks—rectangles about thirty inches long, twenty inches high, eight inches wide—which he cuts instinctively, adding an almost imperceptible curve to the outer side of each block. His sureness of cut is extraordinary. He works like a skilled sculptor, seeming to give his work only casual attention.

He cleaves here, lops off a bit there, and it all looks simple. But every stroke counts, as the snow flies and the Eskimo's fur hood disappears in a cloud of white powder. He does this as simply as you or I would write an easy word or tie a shoelace. It is something he has done all his life.

The first tier of snow blocks forms a circle around the hole that has been quarried, the blocks leaning towards the inside of the circle, and interlocked, so that the frost may complete the job and cement them. Before he begins the second tier, the Eskimo makes a diagonal cut on the top of the first, slanting inwards. Now the wall rises quickly, leaning inwards, forming a dome. A keystone block is placed at the top of the dome, and crevices are chinked with soft snow.

"*Taimak!*" "Finished!" the Eskimo grunts, looking at his handiwork. A man can climb on the top and walk around, as if it were made of granite and mortar. It is absolutely rigid.

He Is Soon At Home

Into the bottom tier a round hole is cut to serve as an entrance, just large enough to admit people crawling on all fours. Sometimes a window is added to admit light—a section of clear, freshwater ice or of parchment made from the intestines of the bearded seal.

Inside the igloo, towards the rear, a bed platform is built of snow, and a layer of bearskin, fur side down, is spread upon it. Over this a second layer is placed, fur side up. Then the bedding is arranged according to taste, except that the foot of the bed is always against the wall, the head turning in towards the centre of the igloo.

Facing the bed, a snow platform is built to hold the stone lamp, which is soon lighted, offering a cheery glow to the snow interior. Near the lamp a crude arrangement of sticks is jabbed into the wall, and on this the Eskimos hang whatever they want to dry or thaw out—mitts, boots, frozen fish, and so on. The remainder of the Eskimo's belongings are tossed on the floor. Now he is at home.

The temperature of an igloo is kept near freezing point, for if it rises above that point the walls begin to thaw and drip unpleasantly, and once thawed they would freeze again into ice, making the house uncomfortable or even uninhabitable.

If the temperature inside becomes too high, or the air stale, the Eskimo simply thrusts his snow-knife through

"Stop telling people we are the same age. That was when we were children"

the roof and the air escapes with a hiss like that of a steam boiler venting itself through the safety valve. Sometimes a small hole is made in the roof to provide ventilation. It is called *Krignak*—the nostril.

In more or less permanent camps, the igloo may be ten feet high and large enough to house ten people. These large igloos are provided with a long covered porch, and often the snowhouses in a camp are interlinked by a system of snow tunnels.

Sometimes one of these snow corridors ends in an empty, uninhabited igloo, a kind of foyer or vestibule, with doors leading from it into three or four occupied igloos. These snow passages connecting the igloos are made in early winter; soon real winter sets in, and the whole settlement is half buried in the snow, so that the Eskimo camp is an icy catacomb.

I have passed a good part of my life in such camps, in snowhouses. I have learned to be reasonably comfortable in them, and to thank God for them on stormy nights when the wind and snow rage outside and the igloo seems snug and safe beyond all imagining.

Opiguak was my first teacher when it came to snowhouse building. What a man for snowstorms! In the midst of a terrible blizzard he would throw up an igloo at a speed to make you blink. He was really fast—too fast. As soon as the last block was in place, Opiguak would step back and proudly look at the structure. "Now there is a snowhouse, eh? Nobody could have done better. Not that fast, anyhow."

From the inside, that night, we would have a beautiful view of the stars through the roof, and at every gust of wind the lamp flame would leap and spread, threatening to go out. But it was never Opiguak's fault, as he explained. It was always the fault of the snow—too hard, too soft, too mealy, too mushy—one thing or another. Tomorrow, he would build me the perfect snowhouse or bust.

Wife Carries The Home

When the spring thaws come, the igloo's days are numbered. It begins to sag and look moth-eaten, with great holes appearing in the roof. Then the Eskimo glances critically at his dwelling. Before the igloo collapses upon him, he abandons it and sets up the tent that will be his home until next winter, a portable skin mansion that his wife can load and carry.

The Eskimo likes his tent to be made of skin, and his clothes to be made of the same material. So far as winter clothing is concerned, the Eskimos have developed more practical garments than any other people in history. Their winter kit is made entirely of skins, light, windproof, dry and soft, pliable as velvet and extraordinarily comfortable. Moreover, it is the safest, most protective clothing that could possibly be made.

Except for minor differences of cut and length of parka, Eskimo clothing is all the same style. The same materials are generally used, caribou skin being the basic fur, skins from animals killed early in the fall, dried in the sun for a few days, then scraped clean and softened with sharp iron or bone tools. On Victoria Island, where not enough caribou are killed, and where the winter temperatures are exceptionally severe, trousers are often made of seal skin, or, if it can be obtained, bear skin, which is very warm, never gets wet, and lasts for years.

Words I Had Waited For

One day during my first year on Victoria Island, I put the finishing touches to my igloo room. In one corner I built a table that was to serve as desk and altar, and I put my Oblation Cross on the wall. There were a few books on a rough shelf, and the rest of my worldly possessions were at ease beneath my bunk. But it was cold, so cold that I decided I would be more comfortable travelling. The dogs were rested and in good shape, and I thought it would be a good time to go on north until I had seen the final Eskimos.

Five days later I reached Pemmican Point. I found only one Copper Eskimo family there. During the evening, they listened to me for a long time in great silence. Finally, when I asked them what they thought of becoming Christians, the man of the family launched into a long speech. Summed up, it went something like this: "Yes, from other Eskimos we have heard of the white man's God, but never yet has a man of prayer come to us. Aren't you the first one? Yes. So we shall follow you."

There was a long, solemn silence in the igloo. Then, after a while, something prompted me to ask: "Are there more families to the north? More Eskimos?"

The man shook his head. "No," he said simply, "no more. We are the last Eskimos. The farthest north."

This was a moment I had waited for, the words I had waited to hear almost all my life, it seemed. This family—this squat, broad-faced man in his skins, with his wife and his fur-clad children—was the final family, the last ones, the farthest north. THE END

"I Lived With The Eskimos" will be published in book form by Macmillan in March under the title "Inuk". (21s.).

I never thought I'd see him again —and then one day

I ran into him in the street. He'd been abroad and he looked terribly ill and feverish. I got him back to his digs and phoned his doctor. His landlady should never have allowed him out with such a high temperature; and she was giving him stimulants with next to no nourishment in them.

The doctor had to explain to her that the only food a sick person can absorb in such a weak state is BENGER'S because it is pre-digested, and being pure nourishment it builds up strength quicker than anything.

Wasn't it lucky I was there to nurse him back to health! He's going abroad again this summer, but this time I'm going with him!

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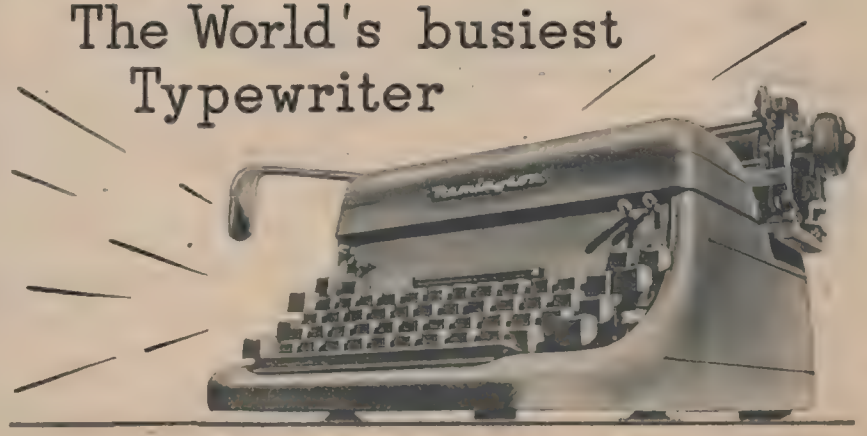

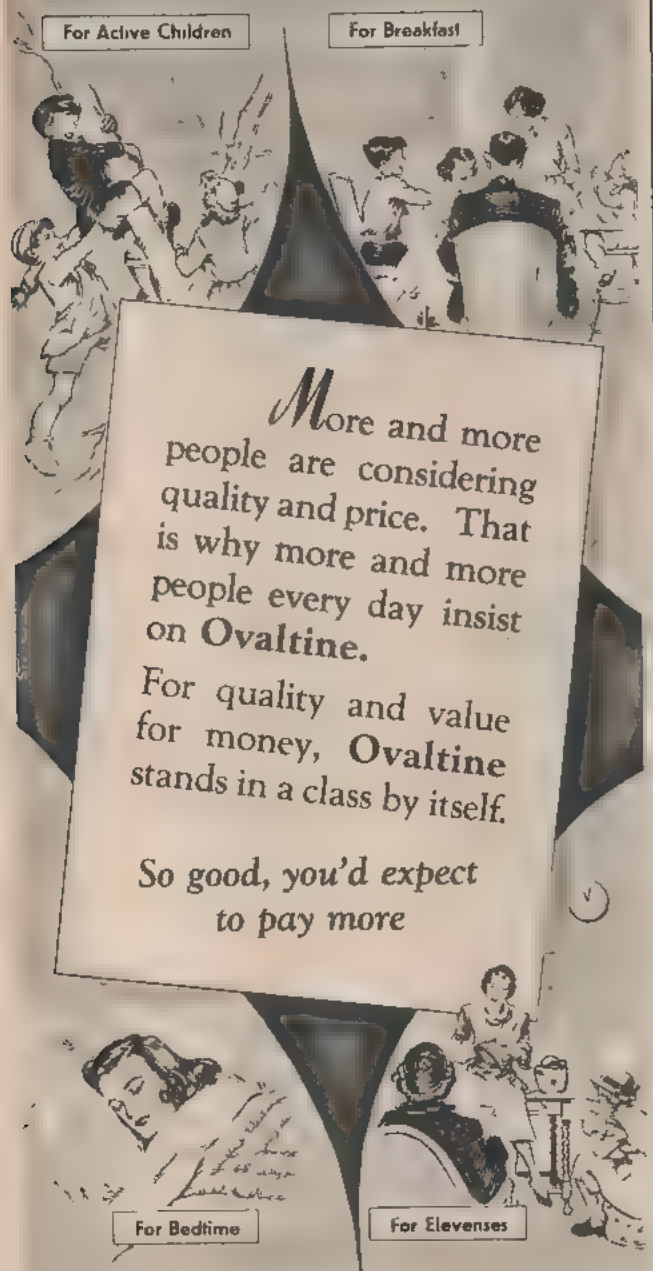
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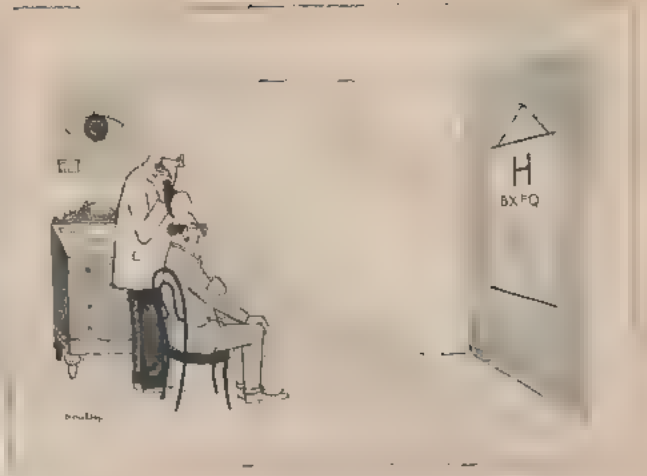

RITUAL MURDER

Continued from page 18

him!" Armitage was gripping the arms of his chair again.

"Yes, Bwana."

"But why, why, in heaven's name, why?"

"To appease the gods."

Armitage was still gripping the arms of his chair. He had to believe it now.

"Who told you that the gods could be appeased in this way?"

"Nobody, Bwana. I am the chief. I alone am responsible."

"I don't believe that, Owayo."

"I did it with my own hands."

"You know the punishment?"

"Yes, Bwana, I know."

Armitage felt utterly helpless. He looked wildly round for a moment and then went on: "I have known you for fifteen years, Owayo. I can't believe it. I just can't believe it."

"I have my people to think of, Bwana. They were desperate. They expected something to be done."

"But not this, good heavens! Surely you must have known!"

"Yes, I was wrong. That is why I am here now. The gods would not have killed eighteen more people if they had been pleased with what I had done."

Armitage remained silent. The gods certainly had been pretty hard on Owayo. Not only had they killed the people and devastated the land, but they had also uncovered the crime. Those were the reasons why Owayo was now prepared to make a still bigger sacrifice to them. It was the gods he was thinking of, not the law.

Up to this point Owayo had been speaking to him with his eyes downcast. But now when Armitage looked at him he saw that Owayo was staring straight at him. And it was an accusing stare, although the accusation contained more sorrow than anger.

"I do not understand the white people, Bwana," Owayo said. "They can make motor cars—I have travelled in them. And trains—I have travelled in them, too. I have never travelled in a ship but I have seen them, great ships like moving islands, when I went to Mombasa. They can make dams, too, and turn a wilderness into many orchards. And birds they can make as big as ships that will fly in one day to the Bwana's own country. They can make guns that will kill hundreds and bombs to kill thousands. Surely with all this the white man should be able to make rain. Rain is a small thing and beneath his notice, perhaps, but it is his life to the poor villager."

Armitage had no answer to this. "It may help you, Owayo, if you tell me the name of the witch-doctor."

But Owayo was as firm as ever. "I alone am responsible. I did it."

Armitage then did some quick practical thinking. The bridge is still open. Better get him out of the district at once. He can't stay here under arrest.

He then called the names of the two tall alien policemen who he knew were within earshot in the servants' quarters. When they appeared, he told them, still without rising from his chair, what the situation was.

"The chief Owayo is under arrest."

The senior of the two policemen took a pair of handcuffs from his pocket. He did it in rather a hungry fashion, and Armitage turned to Owayo in one last hopeless attempt.

"Do you still say there was no witch-doctor, Owayo?"

Owayo made exactly the same reply as before. "I alone am responsible. I did it."

Armitage then turned to the policemen and gave them their instructions.

"You will take my car and drive to Naguru immediately. There you will charge Owayo with the murder of Kakumbi. You, Sergeant, will remain at Naguru until further orders. And you, Corporal, will return with my car tomorrow morning early. Is that understood?"

Both policemen saluted smartly, then as the sergeant moved towards Owayo with the handcuffs, Armitage spoke again.

"You will not use the handcuffs in any circumstances. If Owayo escapes it will be my responsibility. But he will not escape. And you will treat him with the respect that is due to a chief both before the trial and after."

The policemen saluted again and Armitage at last stood up.

"Goodbye, Owayo," he said.

Owayo bowed and clasped his hands. "Goodbye, Bwana. We are grateful for all you have tried to do."

Armitage was nearly in tears as he watched Owayo walk slowly to the car with the sergeant in front and the corporal behind. We can't stop wars, he thought, and we can't make rain. What the hell use are we? Then as the car rounded the corner he pulled himself together a bit. If only they could get Owayo to speak, they could still save his life and catch the witch-doctor at the same time.

But Armitage knew Owayo too well. He was too proud, too stubborn, too brokenhearted, to try to save his own skin. He was the chief. The responsibility was his. He couldn't demean himself to betray an underling. No, there was no hope in that direction. Owayo had been caught between the upper and nether millstones of the old order and the new. He had failed his people. He wanted to die.

But there was hope in another way. Armitage didn't know who the new chief would be. The tribe would choose him and it would probably be Owayo's son, who was as well loved as his father. How would he feel about the witch-doctor? And how would the tribesmen feel now that they had seen their children drowned and their chief brought to ruin? Why, even the old tribal gods had disowned the witch-doctor! The power of evil was broken at last. They'd catch him this time. And he'd hang. There would never be another ritual murder in Kandu.

THE END

Evan appeared out of the darkness, mounted on Dick and with Eithwen behind him. Water swirled round their legs and the old horse was swaying

Eithwen and the Horseman

by ***CHARLES BEATTY***

ILLUSTRATED BY STEVEN SPURRIER, R.A.

On that terrible night, three men set out to rescue a village. Evan had a special mission: to rescue his girl

THE EARL WOULD never pull a passenger train again. Not that it mattered much. There were no more passengers for the light railway, at first because the bus was so much quicker, and latterly because the track was no longer considered safe.

Old David Thomas, the Earl's driver, drew half-pay for a bi-weekly journey on the Earl with mixed goods for the village beside the hydro-electric power station. From its junction with the main line, the light railway ran through the Flat land, and every three or four years the Flat would be flooded, but not seriously. After a week or two, nearly everyone would forget about it, until next time.

Then, one Saturday afternoon around five o'clock, and a black night already, the spillway overflowed. It was too late to warn the valley because the telephone line from the power station was down and the road impassable.

In the Welsh Harp, which adjoined the main-line railway station, old Di Thomas, the engine-driver, was in his position of seniority, next to the fire in the public bar. He had come in after his tea, and would be there until they closed at ten. Tonight there was new talk. Lorry drivers came in who had been up to their axles in water. It was raining hard and Di said they'd be better off with a bit more frost. Wet weather is bad for rheumatics.

Then came a policeman, a butt for jokes. "Not closing time yet." "Lost something?" "No drinking in uniform." "Have a lemonade?"

The policeman ignored them and went up to Di on his oak settle, the back of which went up two feet higher than his shoulder.

"There's a job for you," he said, and everyone laughed, knowing old Di hadn't been out on the street in drinking hours for years.

"They are going to evacuate Nant," the policeman said. "We thought if you could take the Earl up where the line runs close to the church. . . ." He left the end of the sentence in the air.

"But Nant was never flooded, not in memory!" It was a young fellow called Evan who spoke. His girl's father had a smallholding just outside the village, which was set on the Flat between the flooded road and the light railway.

Before the policeman could answer, the old engine-driver took the short pipe out of his mouth. "Let 'em boat it to the road," he said with an air of finality.

"You come outside with me," the policeman said. "You'll get an idea why there'll be no boating."

They trooped out to the worn stone steps, and

huddled there while the rain beat against them and the sign of the Welsh Harp swayed and creaked with the power of the wind

"You've never seen a wind like that when the floods are out," said the policeman, addressing them all with something approaching patronage "Come along. We'll need a few men Two of you go with Di and get the Earl with steam up. The rest better report to the station. Chief constable's there."

The wind tore at him as he stepped out of the shelter, and Di turned to the others

"He's right. That wind will whip the floodwater like a stormy sea. We'll get as near as we can. Come on"

And without waiting for any of them he strode off in the dark. For all his years he walked fast. It took a hundred yards before two men caught up with him One was Evan, the lad whose girl was in Nant. The other was a porter from the "proper" railway

The Earl was black except for a gold line and a tarnished brass ring at the top of his tall funnel. Two round windows like portholes gave a view ahead, but they were set too high for a small man and Di used to drive with his head round the corner of the cab

The Earl carried no lights because he had not been out after dark in ten years. And in that time the remaining serviceable passenger coach hadn't been out at all, but that was no matter, for open trucks were the only alternative.

Within an hour there was enough steam to get moving It was no night for speed. Dark water soon hid the track and though there was a moon hidden somewhere behind the scudding clouds it was small help except to see the outlines of the hills The porter had to get on to the front of the engine to see as best he could by the light of a powerful lantern. Young Evan fired the boiler Di Thomas alternately peered round the corner of the cab or turned to his pressure gauge encouraging the climbing needle with excerpts from Welsh poetry

As they came opposite Nant, they could see lights moving, but there weren't any in the houses. Evidently the power lines were down and the situation bad enough to get everyone up on the bit of a rise where the church stood.

Young Evan sweating because of the keenness of his stoking, said, looking round on the brown waves, white flecked: "Better get them tonight man

And Di Thomas answered with one word How?

No ordinary boat could keep afloat, that was for sure. And they wouldn't have anything but a punt in Nant

The porter came back into the cab, cold, soaking wet and swearing. Even above the noise of the wind and water they could hear the coach behind them groaning as the wind took it broadside on. A bit more, and the flimsy old contraption would be blown over

"Would you like to swim it, lad?" Di asked young Evan, with a queer, cackling laugh. He was enjoying himself The Earl was doing very well

"I'd do it, too," said Evan fiercely "I would My girl's there," he added as if that explained everything

Di grunted. He knew enough about these floods. With sunken wire and fences, sudden freaks of current, it was no place for any kind of swimmer

"Have to wait till morning," he said at last, after peering out for a while "Put the Earl back to bed, I say

"No you don't," said Evan, "you old goat" And he sat down on the footplate, glaring across the two hundred yards of water to where the lights now showed live, six people under the church porch. One of them was a girl with a shawl over her head, and the sight of her made him angrier than ever

"Look you," he remarked, as though stating the obvious. "There's Eithwen see"

But all the others could make out was one female figure much like the others.

After a moment's silence, Evan let himself down into the water He waded, along the side of the engine He was gone it seemed to the two men in the cab a long time

Then they heard a heavy, regular sploshing, and out of the murk came Evan riding a big shire horse

"Old Dick" he shouted by way of explanation The firelight from the open furnace door at his dishevelment and gleamed redly on the whitish, streaming sides of the great carthorse His kind aren't much use now that every farmer has his tractor and Dick himself was too old for much Still he was never grudged grazing in summer and a bit of feed in winter He was even useful on occasion to pull a car out of the mud or a tree stump where it was too sticky for a tractor to work

"He'll know the path," said Evan "He'd know it under fifty feet of water"

And with that, he turned the horse's head with a pull at the side of the dirty canvas halter. "Up Dick," he said, and the horse plodded forward, slithered at the edge of the embankment and plunged like a ship being launched. But Evan clung to his back, hanging on to the ragged mane And Dick sploshed off into the dark with his head down as though he was drawing a cart and had no concern whether there was water on the road or not

Di Thomas and the porter watched him go and then Di spat. He said, uneasily: "He'd better not be too long. The Earl must have his fuel and there's not much left"

Evan came back with his girl behind him, the water swirling round their legs. The horse swayed as though waterborne. When the girl scrambled on to the footplate, assisted by the porter, she carried a line with her

The porter began to haul it in as the man on the horse waited, sitting like a symbol out of an old book, hatless, dreached, with his wide eyes lit by the furnace flames and bent upon the girl

The girl crouched by the furnace, warming herself like an animal, primitively beautiful

The line took some time to haul in There was a heavy rope on the end of it, and this the porter, with Di's help, made fast to the cab-stanchion Evan turned Dick back into the flood and disappeared in the darkness.

When the horse next came there were two women on him. They hung nervously to the rope which acted as a guide rail, and stretched the best part of a hundred yards to a tree where the water was safe enough

So the rest of them came over, and went shivering into the unheated coach, lighted only by a pair of oil lanterns on the floor

At last, Evan, with everyone safe, almost fell off Dick's back, scrambled up to the footplate, and cut the rope

"Poor old Dick," he said. "You'll have to stay here, man. We cannot take you."

Di eased open his throttle and a din of sparks burst from the Earl's tall chimney. Dick, even old Dick, was scared He started, slipped, and went slithering down into deep water The train began to move. The cold, wet people in the coach smiled wanly at each other

In twenty minutes they were safe in the station Di Thomas told the porter to look after the rest of the party Eithwen was already being cared for To look at Evan fussing about with her, you'd think he had forgotten everyone else and old Dick, too Di Thomas spat, and eased the Earl back under cover of his shed The carriage could be left coupled till morning It had spent all its life out in the open, so another night wouldn't hurt it Never go out again, likely. Last run

Di Thomas prepared to shut down and to come back to a more usual line of thought, the effect of wet weather upon rheumatism. It was only then that he began to feel lonely and left out. Hadn't he been the one to work the rescue, and now they'd gone off and left him alone without a word of thanks even? He began to be sorry for himself and, in being sorry, remembered old Dick out there, floundering about to get back on the embankment, or perhaps to gain what little ground was above water in the village. Of the two of them Dick was the worse off, surely, the old fool of a horse

Stiffly Di climbed down from his cab and walked off into the darkness of the yard. But he soon came back. He had gone to set points which would allow him to push the coach into a siding so that the Earl, unencumbered, could go out again on to the precarious track The engine would have to go backwards, but that suited the plan Di went off again in the direction of the stockyard and came back with a bundle of hay which he set down in the dry, under the cab, but not too near the furnace door That door was best left open so that the heat could counter the wet of his clothes.

He could see the shadows of people on the windows of the waiting-room They would be warm in there and there'd be mugs of hot tea They could not hear the Earl move off He felt suddenly very old and lonely Why should anyone hear, or care?

So Di took the Earl back into the water, without any idea at all in his head except that it is a hard thing to be an old man or an old horse and to be abandoned in the night

Coal was getting low. The Earl went at little more than walking pace, while Di Thomas kept craning his scraggy neck first out of one side of the cab, then out of the other

And he was lucky, too, to see Dick when he did, for the horse was still where he had been left, standing below the embankment where the train had taken the people on board He hardly looked real, for the water was half-way up his chest and his neck was stuck out, rigid with fear Like the figurehead of a ship, he looked.

The horse turned its head towards the light, Di looked unhappily at the water Slowly and stiffly he got down from the cab, let himself slide over the edge of the embankment. He was no swimmer With no foothold he fetched up against the horse's side and clutched the head-rope

Once the animal was clear of the deep water, Di tied the head-rope to the rail that ran round the top of the hopper which did duty for a tender It was high enough to keep Dick's head up, and the rope was long so if he slipped and fell, he wouldn't be dragged, not if the Earl would only brake properly. But it would need good driving

And aren't you a good driver, Di Thomas?" the old man demanded of himself aloud and he eased the throttle gently forward while never taking his eyes off Dick

The wheels gripped, the rope slowly tightened With one glance into the bright night, and recognizing the power behind the tug, Dick stumbled forward. And so they went, at one mile an hour while the horse picked his way between the submerged sleepers, and the man watched intently lest he should fall, and nearly have his head pulled off by the rope

So they came to dry land, and Di untied the rope He carried the bundle of hay over to a sheltered bit of ground and the horse followed him He gave Dick a pat on the neck that could have raised a bruise on common flesh. The horse hardly shifted his ground but turned his mottled grey quarters into the wind and tucked in his wispy tail He was still standing there when the Earl puffed away

Back at the station Di Thomas was whistling when he got down from his narrow bed, ate having drawn the fire And whistling he went back home through the early morning, careless of the wet and not yet concerned about its probable rheumatic consequences

He'd send young Evan out first thing, to have a look at Dick THE END

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

THE protective arm over my shoulder belongs to my elder brother, Charlie, who initiated me into the art of fist fighting We lived at Bournemouth, quite close to the sea When this photograph was taken (shortly after my fourth birthday) I was already learning to swim—also under Charlie's expert tuition

With my other brother, Jim we would go down to the beach and between swims, play leapfrog, perform hand-balancing stunts, and spar with other boys. I was usually the stooge for the older ones acrobatics

Though, in many ways, living at the seaside seemed to us youngsters to make life one long holiday, we were occasionally sent to spend a few days in the country with our Auntie Lil. There we learnt the art of "scrumping" rifling orchards for fruit.

One day, as I was crossing a meadow on my way to a fine orchard, I was chased by an angry bull The encounter saved the farmer's apples (for a day or two, at least) and gave me my first experience of dealing with a heavy opponent.

Terrace Road, where we lived in Bournemouth, had everything, from a mission hall to a sweet shop. My special favourite at the sweet shop was a halfpenny "prize packet." In addition to broken biscuits and sweets, these contained little toys. Opening them was like opening an oyster in the hope of finding a pearl. I must say that some of the prizes were very good

We used to spar in the street, using the lamps as arc lights, our supporters following in a cheering mob. My first gloves were as hard as iron, for the horsehair was stiffened with age. But, to a ragged-trousered boy who wanted to box, they were golden gloves

He became a famous boxer. For his name, please turn to page 31.

THE TERRIBLE RIDE OF COLONEL TESSIER

Continued from page 9

husband a quick, sidelong look that chilled my blood.

She had seen milord give me my pay: thirty guineas, and ten guineas over and above that for a tip; besides, I had twenty guineas more in my purse. And I have seen a throat cut for five francs in wayside inns in Flanders!

Morkens muttered in Flemish, "It's dangerous."

"Fool!" she said. "In a few days, after the battle, the whole countryside will be littered with stabbed carcases. Who will count one more or less?"

I said, "I beg pardon?"

She said: "I was saying, 'More haste, less speed,' and telling my husband to go and kill a capon for dinner."

"Oh, well," I said, "no doubt you are right. The weather is, as you say, impossible. I will go to my room and pack my little valise in readiness for the morning."

They had given me a horrid little closet of a room overlooking the yard and smelling abominably of the stable, but I was glad of it now. If the window was too small to let the daylight in, it was not too small to let me out, and if I hung by my hands from the sill I should have only a six-foot drop to the yard. So far, so good.

ALSO, I had another idea. You know that I am still troubled periodically with my old Egyptian dysentery. When it begins to trouble me I take ten drops of tincture of laudanum, which is nothing more or less than opium. In case of emergency I always carry a vial of it wherever I go. I took this vial out of my valise now and slipped it into my pocket—a good two ounces of the stuff.

Then I went downstairs and waited. Madame Morkens was roasting the chicken, and her husband was setting the table. I guessed that their plan was to make me comfortably drowsy with good food and wine—he had brought up a couple of sealed bottles of his best from the cellar—and then, quite simply, knock me on the head. The woman alone would have been more than a match for a shrimp like me, to say nothing of her ox of a husband. I carried a little pair of pocket pistols, it is true, but I always keep my small-arms for use if all else fails.

So. While we were picking the bones of the capons, I, pretending to be a little lively with wine, said: "Upon my word, madame, you are a cook fit for a king, and beautiful as a queen! And you, Monsieur Morkens, are a jolly good fellow! I'll tell you what—I'll stand you a bowl of rum punch in the English style and mix it myself according to Lord Whiterock's own secret recipe. You, old fellow, will be so kind as to fetch me a bottle of rum, a bottle of brandy and a bottle of port wine. . . . You, madame, will get me lemons and sugar, nutmeg and ginger, cinnamon and cloves . . . and I see a fine old-ale bowl over there which will be the very thing to mix it in!"

It worked. He went to fetch the spirits and the wine; she took her keys to the spice cupboard. I uncorked my bottle and emptied it rapidly into the bowl as soon as their backs were turned.

It went without a hitch. In fifteen minutes the punch was mixed. Laudanum has a bitter, cloying taste, but the rum, the brandy, the port, the sugar and the spices that I mixed in that punch would have disguised it if it had been so much asafoetida. I insisted on filling immense bumpers. You understand, I had been taking laudanum therapeutically for twenty years or so, so that what I swallowed in my punch was merely a homoeopathic dose.

But the effect of the drug on the Morkenses soon became apparent. Their minds wandered; the pupils of their eyes contracted. They drank again and again, not knowing or caring how much they drank—and never noticing that I had taken no more than one glass. All the same, they were tough, those two!

"My husband's in there developing pictures. Listen to him roar when I rattle the knob"

It was eleven o'clock before Madame Morkens became unconscious. Her husband saw her fall across the table. He pointed at her, chuckling stupidly, and then rolled sideways out of his chair and fell to the floor with a crash.

"*Hodie mihi, cras tibi,*" I said. "Today for me, tomorrow for thee, my friends. And now I think I will punish you a little. A vindictive man would burn your inn over your heads. But I. . . ."

In short, I went through their pockets, etcetera, for their keys. As I had guessed, it was the woman who had in her keeping the most important of the keys—one in particular, a little one, suspended on a piece of string which she wore about her neck. The key of the cashbox, evidently. And where would they hide their cashbox, these two? Unquestionably under their bed. It was so. After twenty years in the Grande Armée one acquires experience in looting. Eh?

I found the loose plank and had that cashbox open in five minutes. It contained bank notes and gold to the value of about 70,000 livres, which I stuffed into my pockets.

Then I took my little valise and put on my cloak and my hat and went out. The landlord and his wife were snoring loudly. The great dog in the yard barked furiously, but luckily for me he was chained. I got into the stable with the aid of Morkens's key and lit the lantern, by good luck, in no time at all. I always keep my tinderbox dry, as you know. The saddle was hanging on a nail. It was a mouldering old English hunting saddle, but I made shift to buckle it on the mare Cocotte.

MY left foot was in the stirrup and I was ready to mount when I heard another horseman approaching.

I heard him draw up and speak to the dog in Flemish. He tried the front door and found it locked. Then, leading his horse, which was very weary, he came round to the back.

Believe me when I tell you that I slid out of the stirrup and into the hay as I heard that fellow approach. His horse, alone, came into the stable before him; he had been there before; he knew his way. I could not see him; he was of the colour of the darkness, an iron-shod shadow, only I heard him walking and breathing.

Also, I heard the rider knocking upon the back door of the inn and calling in a kind of subdued shout, "Morkens, Morkens!" There was no answer. He came stumbling and splashing back, cursing at the end of his teeth, and I heard him call the name of Cornelys. The rain washed most of his voice away; all the same, I heard him between the drops: "Cornelys!"

Here, you may say, was the time to get out. So it was. But you know that there are times when curiosity is somewhat stronger than the desire to live. I had guessed that this night bird, since he was in the confidence of Morkens, who was a cut-throat, must be some sort of highway robber——especially since he came quietly by night, on an exhausted horse. I wanted to know more.

Cornelys came soon, with a lantern. By the sound of him I knew that he was booted and spurred. Furthermore, his voice had changed somewhat since I had heard it; now he spoke hard and tight.

Following the newcomer into the stable, Cornelys said: "What's this, Klaes? What's the matter with Morkens and Marie?"

He spoke in Flemish, and in Flemish the other man replied: "Dead drunk in the kitchen."

"What!" said Cornelys. "On this night of all nights! It's as well that it was I who was entrusted to carry the word."

"Well," said the man called Klaes, speaking very deliberately, like a man who is drunk or used up. "Get it right the first time, Cornelys, because I swear I'm in no condition to repeat it. . . . Oh, dear God, how tired I am! . . . Listen carefully, now; the password is the English word 'Ditch.' Have you got that?"

"Ditch," said Cornelys.

"Right. You will pass that word to Collaert's vedettes," said Klaes.

"Where?" asked Cornelys.

"Between here and Braine-le-Comte," Klaes said.

"I will pass the word 'Ditch' to Collaert's vedettes between here and Braine-le-Comte," Cornelys said. "And then?"

"Then you will be conducted at once to General Collaert of the cavalry, by his aide-de-camp, Brigadier de Beukelaer, who will have a fresh horse waiting. You will tell your message to Collaert in person. This is what you will say: That you come from Jan Klaes, who has been compelled to take devious roads because he has been shadowed. That Jan Klaes has been forty-eight hours in the saddle and, therefore, sends you to deliver to Collaert a message which should have gone in advance to Wellington at Brussels. Is this fixed in your mind?"

Cornelys repeated it, word perfect.

"Excellent. You will say this to Collaert then: 'Our man de Wissembourg,' whom Collaert knows, 'has taken the place of Lacoste as Napoleon's guide. Napoleon is completely ignorant of the terrain around St. Lambert. It is reasonably certain that the Emperor will deploy his cavalry before the plateau of Mont St. Jean. This force of cavalry will consist mainly of Milhaud's *cuirassiers*—twenty-six squadrons supported by Lefebvre-Desnouette's division. Altogether, between three and four thousand of the cream of Napoleon's heavy cavalry.' Have you got that?"

"I have. Continue."

"Good. Listen again: 'If Wellington makes a show of English infantry on the plateau of Mont St. Jean, behind a light covering of fire of canister from the masked batteries on the Nivelles road, the odds are that Napoleon will make one of his master strokes—his heavy cavalry, *en masse*, will charge the English infantry line, with a view to smashing it and cutting the Allies in two, before the German reinforcements arrive; Bluecher and Buelow being already delayed.' Is that clear?"

CORNELYS said: "Perfectly clear—not that I understand what it's about. Go on. It is written in my head as on a slate."

"You are neither expected nor required to understand, only to remember. Listen again: 'Before the French cavalry can reach the English infantry, therefore, they must cross a certain little road that runs across the plain from Ohain to Mont St. Jean.'"

"Cross it, how?" said Cornelys. "I know the Ohain road. Road? It is a ditch, twelve feet deep, banked up steep on either side. Mountaineers cross such a road, not cavalry."

"All the better. Tell Collaert so, and answer clearly any questions he may ask. Meanwhile, remember again: 'If Wellington, having arranged his foot guards above the Ohain road, draws the main charge of Napoleon's heavy cavalry, he will break the head of Napoleon's sledge-hammer and break off the jaws of his tongs, too. It is Jan Klaes who says so, having received word from de Wissembourg, alias Lacoste, Napoleon's own guide.' For heaven's sake, is all I have said impressed upon your memory, Cornelys?"

"Every word," said the blacksmith, "firm as print, clear as ink—Aie, aie! What's this?" He had put out his hand, instinctively stroking and stroking as blacksmiths will, feeling the back of the mare Cocotte. "Why, may I die, if Morkens hasn't saddled the Englishman's mare!"

"What Englishman? What mare?" Klaes asked.

"A bony dapple-grey, sixteen hands. I shod her myself today."

"What Englishman?"

"Oh, a millionaire, a nabob. He left the horse as a tip for his valet. I guess that Morkens had her saddled and ready, knowing that my little gelding is a bit too light for my weight," said Cornelys.

"The Englishman is gone. And the valet?" Klaes asked.

Cornelys said, "I think the valet

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won't be needing the dapple-grey tonight." I almost felt the darkness contract and expand as he winked unseen.

"Good," said Klaes. "To horse and away, hell for leather! Be off!"

"Those two sots have left the best part of half a bowl of punch, eh?" Cornelys asked.

"Hurry," said Klaes.

But Cornelys insisted: "A stirrup cup first, and then we're off!"—and splashed back to the house.

Crouching in the hay with my hands on my pistols, I was almost sorry, then, for the man Klaes, squatting on his truss of straw. Wow, but that man was tired!

Then the oaf Cornelys came back chuckling, saying, "May the Lord forgive all the sins of the man who mixed that punch! It goes down well on a night like this. I finished it to keep out the damp."

So Cornelys had drunk the rest of my punch, then! Good.

"Away with you!" cried Klaes. The blacksmith swung himself into Cocotte's saddle, said *au revoir* and was off.

I KEPT still in the hay, working over in my mind the tremendous significance of the message which Klaes had conveyed to Cornelys, and which Cornelys was to carry to Wellington. The weight of this message crushed the breath out of me, because the fate of an empire depended upon it. I knew that this messenger Cornelys must, at all costs, be intercepted and his message diverted. But, I ask you, how? Violence is not in my line—I live or die by my wits. He was a powerful and resolute man, mounted on a strong, fresh horse. I was a shrimp of a man with nothing to put between my thighs but an exhausted scrub.

But the odds, as I counted them, were evened by the laudanum in the punch Cornelys had drunk.

In a flash, you realize, I had seen my duty.

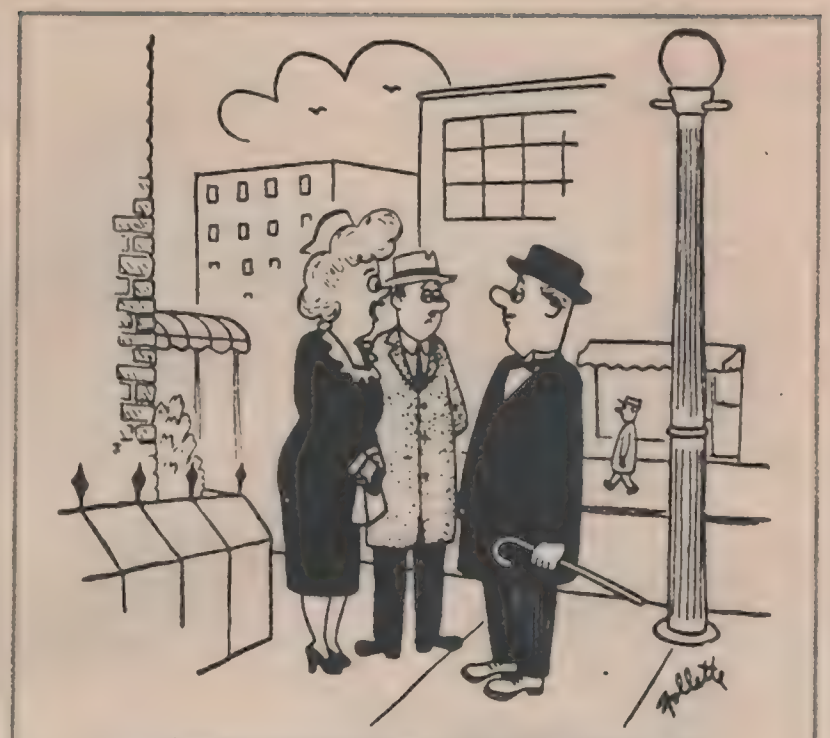
I did not like Napoleon—indeed, in my time I had plotted against him. But in this moment I saw him not as the renegade Republican, not as the ingrate, not as the ambitious little deserter of Egypt and of Russia; I saw him as the old eagle hatched again. I saw in him something symbolic of the spirit of the man that goeth upward. In this extraordinarily indomitable little rogue returned from Elba to confront the gathered might of the Allies, I saw—forgive the comparison—something of myself. I recaptured a little of the old enthusiasm. I knew then that I must, by hook or by crook, warn Napoleon of the menace at his elbow.

There were two things that I could do. First, I could let Cornelys carry his message to Wellington, and myself ride to warn Napoleon. Or—not so subtle, but safer, in case I could not reach the French lines—intercept Cornelys, and cut him down. I decided on the latter.

Hence, when the tired man Klaes dragged himself back to the inn, I mounted that weary horse of his and, using my penknife for a spur, made after the blacksmith.

That horse had heart. He drew a long breath and hit the road. And do you know what, old comrade in arms? Then, it was as if I had shed the weight of a quarter of a century. I felt as I had felt on a certain dawn in the spring of 1795, when, seeing sunlight through the powder smoke, I first realized that I was a grown man and, therefore, too old to be afraid. Then my heart, which had been flapping and fluttering somewhere below my belt, found its wings and soared, singing to high heaven; fear of death was a shadow in the valley far below and far behind me; and I laughed and cried, delighting in my new-found freedom from that fear.

The horse seemed to catch my exhilaration. He was winded so that I might have been sitting astride Cornelys's own heaving, wheezing bellows, but still he galloped. All the same, exaltation apart, my reason had not deserted me. The blacksmith was mounted on Cocotte, who was strong and fresh and had the start of my poor nag. But I had not forgotten that within the hour Cornelys would be most insecure in that little hunting saddle, if he was seated at all. By the time I overtook him he must in any case be too befuddled to aim a pistol, and then I should have him.



"... Another thing he does—but you're his boss, Mr. Blair; I don't have to tell you how stupid he can be!"

I planned to put a ball in his thick head, take his mount and ride belly-to-earth north-east to the first French outpost, where I would pass the word: *"The so-called Lacoste, the Emperor's guide, is an enemy agent; beware of his advice."*

So, I rode, only God knows how, for that road was rutted inches deep under a layer of red clay whipped by the rain and mashed by a million wheels and hoofs into a most dangerous mire. And then, that rain! The Deluge was come again.

A storm broke, and at every clap of thunder the whole black sky splintered like a window struck by a bullet—starred and cracked in ten thousand directions, letting in flashes of dazzling light, so that I was stunned and bewildered. But my brave horse carried me on until, at a bend in the road, he stumbled and shuddered, went down on his knees and rolled over on his side. I sprang clear just in time; tugged at the reins, shouted encouraging words; then let go his head. He was dead. He had burst his heart.

I stood by my dead horse, sick with hopelessness. But then the lightning flashed again, and I saw, not a hundred paces in front of me, the big grey mare, Cocotte, walking very slowly, riderless in the rain. I made my way to her, and you may rest assured that I had my hands on my pistols under my cloak. When I reached her, I saw in the light of another flash why she was walking slowly. Cornelys had tumbled out of the saddle, his left foot had caught in the stirrup, and she was dragging his enormous bulk in the clinging mud.

Hope flamed high again. I was sure, then, that Fate was on my side. Cornelys was not dead; only drugged and stunned. In a little while he would recover and continue on his errand as best he could. But first he would have to find another horse; he would be seriously delayed. Before he could be well on the road again to carry his message to Collaert at Braine-le-Comte I should be halfway to Genappe where Napoleon was!

I disengaged his boot from the stirrup. His ankle was broken. So much the better! I sprang into the little hunting saddle on the back of the grey mare, turned her head, cried, "Hue! Hue! Hue, Cocotte!" and galloped back down the road over which I had travelled, in the direction of our French outposts.

And then, not far from Trois Ruisseaux—you know my luck—the mare went lame and began limping on her off hind leg.

I assumed that she had picked up a flint or, perhaps, a bit of a broken spike from those deplorable roads. So, saying, "Patience, Cocotte, my darling; we will put you right in no time at all, and you shall yet help Tessier to save France," I dismounted, took out my pocket knife, and lifting up the mare's lame hoof, explored it with my fingertips, since there was no light to see by.

I could feel nothing amiss. Then I remembered how Cocotte had started and kicked while Cornelys, the blacksmith, driving home a nail, was making eyes at the innkeeper's wife, and my heart sank. He had lamed her through his inattention, the accursed idiot!

Full of bitterness, I let go Cocotte's hoof. She shook her leg, and kicked me in the face.

MY friend, I do not know how long I lay unconscious in the ditch. I know that when I came to myself I was lying on my back, blinking at a dirty sky from which the rain was no longer falling.

I was in the most atrocious pain, and my throat was full of blood. It was this very blood, this very pain, that brought me back to consciousness; for the blood made me cough, and the cough shook my head, and my lower jaw was badly broken. Several of my teeth were embedded in my tongue, which was half bitten through.

The pain of the broken bones in my face was terrible. The agony of my bitten tongue was worse. But worst of all was the pain of a shattered nerve on the left-hand side of my face.

It was as if some fiend had delicately pushed a wire into my left nostril, up through some fine passage at the back of the eyeball, and out at the ear—and then applied a powerful current of electricity. My face twitched and jerked like Galvani's frog.

However, never mind that. I took off my cravat and tied up my jaw, and then staggered away in search of my horse. Puzzle: find her! She had bolted, God knows where, sore foot and all. Blind with misery and the night, I walked, I cannot tell you how far or for how long, until at last I saw the lights of a wayside inn.

With my muddy, bloody, smashed face and my sodden black cloak, I must have looked like the Angel of Death himself, for the innkeeper fell back a pace when he saw me. I tried to speak, but I could not, so I pushed past him, seated myself, put down a gold napoleon and taking out tablet and pencil, wrote the word: Cognac.

He shook his head; he could not read.

Then, as best I could, I drew the outline of a bottle and glass. I am no draughtsman, but he understood, and brought brandy and glass. Heavens above, but the raw spirit stung like a swarm of bees!

Yet it stung me alert. I beckoned the man to my side and drew the outline of something like a horse, saddled, and put down on the table a handful of Morkens's gold.

He said, "Monsieur wants a horse? Monsieur is in luck, then. I have one only, a beautiful grey mare. She belonged to a Belgian colonel of cavalry. I could not part with her for less than a hundred louis d'or, but, seeing it's you, I'll throw in the saddle, a beautiful light saddle, as well. The mare has been eating her head off in my stable for the past six months—God strike me dead if I lie! Well?"

I counted the rascal out his hundred gold pieces and followed him to the stable.

"I had her shod only this morning," said he, holding high his lantern.

And what did I see? You have guessed: Cocotte, Roman-nosed and supercilious as a camel, rolling her eyes at me in the dim yellow light.

THERE was nothing to be gained by argument; there was no time to lose, and I was growing weaker and weaker. Cursing the innkeeper in my heart, I mounted, thinking: filthy Cocotte, if I get off your back between this and Genappe, it will be to fall dead into the road. And, curse you, if you cannot take me there on four legs, you must carry me on three.

So I rode again, still mounted on Cocotte. The rain was falling again, and now every drop of cold water on my sore head was like a blow with a hammer.

I was too wretched even to cry out, because when I cried my tongue vibrated, and I could not bear that.

Yet, agonized as I was, I continued to think, asking myself, dumb, wounded beast that I am, how shall I pass the sentries? How shall I deliver my message to the Emperor?

I answered myself: How, but in writing?

I must write a series of messages on little pieces of paper; keep these messages in separate pockets of my waistcoat, and present them in their proper order.

I stopped again at a wretched farmhouse. Staying in the saddle—I should not have had the strength to remount—by the light of a lantern I wrote my notes and put them into their respective pockets. After that, I bullied Cocotte back to the road, and so we struggled, splashing on our way.

It seemed to me—pain of bitten tongue and broken jaw apart—that I was condemned to ride eternally, through blinding rain and endless night, upon a lame mare, on a mission of honour, slipping back two paces for every pace that I covered.

Soon I felt Cocotte weakening under me. Ah, well, poor beast, she, too, had her troubles!

I remembered that my great cloak, sodden with rain, must weigh heavy, so I unclasped it at the throat and let it fall behind me. Everything was spinning and spitting sparks. There were fireworks in my head, I tell you! Still, I remembered that it is the odd, superfluous pound of weight that tries you at the last mile—and I was carrying in my pockets something like 30,000 livres in gold and 40,000 in good paper.

My friend, it was not entirely delirium that inspired me to put my hand in my pockets and scatter to the mud and rain more gold than I had ever touched in my life. The tail pockets of my coat were heavy with the stuff, after I had emptied the side and breast pockets; these same coat-tails were slapping heavily against Cocotte's belly.

My mind was set now on my objective. I unbuttoned my coat and let that fall, too, and felt lighter for the loss of it. Gold and bank notes

were in that coat, and my pistols, too. I tore off my watch and chain, which also I tossed into the ditch. I would have kicked off my boots, only I dared not take my feet from the stirrups.

Now, then, I was riding in my shirt, trousers and waistcoat; there was no more to jettison. And Cocotte went slower and slower.

At last—it was dawn, I think—to my infinite relief, I heard a hoarse sentry's voice challenge me.

I could not speak, of course, so I pulled out my first written message. It said:

I have intelligence of the utmost importance to the Emperor. Conduct me to him immediately.—Tessier, Colonel, Artillery.

A mounted trooper took the paper and handed it to another man. Seen through the curtain of the rain, through my tired eyes, he looked like one of those terra-cotta soldiers on terra-cotta horses that we used to play with when we were children; he was so plastered with mud. But he spoke very civilly in the French of Paris, saying, "What is your message, Colonel Tessier?"

I felt myself fainting, fading away. I had done all that I could do. I tapped my right-hand waistcoat pocket. It seems, then, that I slid out of the saddle; because I know that I had a sensation of falling, as it were, down the side of a mountain, and uppermost in my mind was a dread of what I should feel when my cracked face hit the road.

The terra-cotta man caught me. I heard him cry, "Hold up there, sir!"

I became senseless, as much from horror as from pain and exhaustion. He had cried out in English.

WHEN I came to life again, I was lying on the floor in the kitchen of a farmhouse. My clothes had been stripped off me, and I was wrapped in a dry cloak. They had put me by the fire, which was blazing bright. I saw, still dimly, a tight-faced officer in a blue uniform, sitting at a table between two pairs of candles. Standing beside him were four other officers in blue. I recognized that tight face; it belonged to Collaert, of the allied cavalry.

Also, I saw my muddy waistcoat and trousers on a chair. Collaert was holding between a fastidious thumb and forefinger a little piece of paper which I knew. It was my second note. It said:

"Sire! Your guide Lacoste is a spy. His name is de Wissembourg. He is in the pay of the allies. He intends to misdirect you between Genappe and the plateau of Mont St. Jean. Wellington will place his infantry there, behind a sunken road, which leads from Ohain to Braine-le-Leud. For heaven's sake, make reconnaissance of this terrain, against which Wellington hopes you will send cavalry. — Tessier, Colonel (late), Artillery."

It was anguish of spirit that made me cry out at this, not pain of the body. Someone put something like a rolled-up greatcoat under my head, and the voice of the terra-cotta man murmured in English, "No shame in missing your way on a night like last night, in weather like this. Cheer up, monsieur; better luck next time!"

I made certain unmistakable motions with my fingers. The Englishman said, "He wants to write something."

They gave me pencil and paper and I wrote: "Please give me a pistol and allow me to kill myself."

But they did not. Couriers were dispatched to Wellington with the intelligence which I had believed I had delivered to Napoleon. A doctor came to set my jaw, and later, locked in a bedroom, guarded by a grizzled old English trooper, I lay and listened to the rain on the shutters; and soon I heard the guns of Waterloo, and oh, but I wept bitterly! I had not the strength to lift my hand to wipe my eyes. The trooper came and wiped them for me.

I need not tell you what happened. Bluecher was delayed indeed. The English cavalry was cut to pieces, and we had the balance of artillery in our favour. It remained only to break that infernal English infantry and the battle was in our hands. Napoleon knew this, and, therefore, he ordered that terrible charge of *cuirassiers* at the plateau of Mont St. Jean.

The guide Lacoste—in other words, the spy de Wissembourg—was at his elbow at the very moment when he gave that order. Lacoste, as he is called, omitted to mention the "hollow road" of Ohain. There is no stopping a full charge of armoured cavalry, as you know. Before they could begin to pull up, two thousand *cuirassiers* were in the ditch of Ohain; the remainder were flying in disorder under volley upon volley of musket fire; demoralization had set in; the English had reformed and were attacking; and that was the end of us. Napoleon fled. So, brother, France fell. I blame myself for that.

* * *

Tessier sighed and lit a fresh cigar. Ratapoil said, "Come now, old moustache. How can you talk like that? There are more causes than one to any conclusion. You might, for example, also say that Cornelys the blacksmith won the Battle of Waterloo because, making eyes at the innkeeper's wife, he lamed your mare. No one is to blame—though had I been you——"

"Don't say it," said Tessier. "You asked me to tell how I lost my teeth, and I have told you. And now, with your kind permission, I will go to bed."

THE END

TAKE MY TIP

PICTURE frames usually make a dirty mark on light-coloured walls because dust is trapped where the bottom edge of the frame touches the wall. I prevent this very simply by fixing a small nail at each end of the frame, allowing about half an inch to protrude. This allows a free passage of air behind the picture.—H. W. Elliott, Leeds, 8.

JOHN BULL *pays three guineas for simple, original tips. Contributions cannot be returned unless they are accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.*

GENERAL WHO SPENDS £9 A SECOND

Continued from page 15

to Marshal Zhukov, was ordered from R.E.M.E. The job was completed in a field workshop, and experts remarked that the workmanship was up to the best West End standards.

R.E.M.E. forms the largest of the worldwide "Q" services, and though its peace-time job is that of keeping every item of army equipment in good working order, there is still the outside special order. For the funeral of King George VI, R.E.M.E. rebuilt the two Royal biers, one in Sandringham and the other in London. More recently, when it was found necessary to measure the Coronation route with precise accuracy, R.E.M.E. craftsmen at Mill Hill designed and made an instrument for the job. They named it a "Coronometer."

The "Q" side not only has to provide all the army's needs; it has to decide, in conjunction with other experts, what these needs are. For years it has been looking for the perfect boot. The specifications are simple: the boot must be waterproof, yet it must allow the sweat from the foot to escape. The best brains in the boot and shoe industry have been at work on reconciling these contradictory ideals.

Boot Failure In Korea

The problem of boots is emphasized by the failure of the special issue made to our troops in Korea. These were designed by Frank Smythe, the Everest mountaineer, who specified a stitched sole in place of the normal riveted sole of the infantry boot. But mass-produced stitched soles did not stand up to years of storage and, when they were issued to the troops, the soles stripped off. Now one is being tried with a seven-ply plastic insole, which absorbs sweat, inside a completely waterproofed boot of leather and rubber.

When Sergeant Bill Woodham of the Royal Engineers was scrubbing away at his special gaberdine combat suit, he was doing a good turn for the Quartermaster-General. Apart from the fact that it was heavy on the soap, and that in warm weather he got into a sweat in seven minutes, Sergeant Woodham was able to report that he liked his gaberdine. He wore it during the B.A.O.R. exercise "Hereward." He was out in continuous rain for forty-eight hours but, reported Bill, "the wet did not come through." On the other hand, when he did get soaked going through a river, the suit dried out completely in ten minutes.

His report has been added to those made on other troop trials of the gaberdine suit in Germany, in the Arctic regions of Canada, and in the sub-tropics. So also will be the reports made by Eric Shipton, who took one of the suits on his expedition to Mount Everest, and by Duncan Carse, once "Dick Barton" of the B.B.C., who took another on his voyage to the Antarctic.

Battle Is The Test

Now, three years after its first specification, the waterproof and windproof gaberdine combat suit, altered and modified by experiment and experience, is receiving its first trial by battle in Korea.

If it is a success there, it will probably become the standard battledress of the British Army. It is made of a double layer of fine gaberdine, with zip flies and fasteners for easy ventilation. It is a quality job, and even with mass production will cost about £12.

After his weapons and clothes, the front line soldier's main concern is what he gets to eat, drink and smoke. Feeding an army of more than 500,000 spread all over the world would be a complicated business, even if every man, woman and dog in the service ate the same things. But there are 118 different ration scales and "Q" must implement them all.

The Gurkhas now fighting the bandits in Malaya presented a problem. Their meat ration was issued in the form of live goats. But goats were hard to get in Malaya. Being Hindus, the Gurkhas could not be given beef; it had to be mutton, of male sheep, delivered on the hoof. Urgent messages were sent to Australia and a supply of sheep arranged. Now they are shipped across to Singapore at regular intervals.

Routine jobs like issuing the special Christmas ration of pork have to be planned well in advance. At the War Office annexe in Chessington, Surrey, where the feeding experts work, the pork file comes out in June.

Normal food supplies are planned eighteen months ahead, but a shipping, dock or railway strike anywhere in the world plays havoc with the schedules.

At Christmas, 1950, a long holiday taken by the Australian waterfront workers so disorganized the routine supply of food that the following April our Far Eastern garrisons were still uncertain what they would receive.

Stocks of canned food are not normally held more than two years, but they must be kept in bulk against a sudden emergency. So there must be a steady turnover of rations, which is why, even on home stations, tinned and dehydrated potatoes are served up on one or two days a month.

Even the dogs have to take canned food when they are on foreign service. The R.A.S.C. are responsible for feeding animals as well as men and women, and the police dogs on the army strength have their own ration scale.

The army's one remaining mule company, in Hongkong, relies on local units of the corps. So do those important animals the apes of Gibraltar. Superstition says that when the apes cease to live on the Rock, the British will lose it, and even during the height of the war Churchill took urgent steps to reinforce their failing numbers.

Analysts, research workers and provision officers are aware of changing tastes and do their best to cater for them. The old stew and duff days are over. The oatmeal issue gave way to rolled oats, which have now been replaced by breakfast oats.

In the new twenty-four-hour ration pack, which is not yet in general issue, are sweetshop favourites, including chocolate bars, fruit drops and clear gums. Soon the present cardboard carton which holds the twenty-four-hour ration will be replaced by a waterproof and transparent polythene wrapping, which will enable the soldier to see what he is going to eat and make the issue look more attractive.

"One of the fellows in the stockroom's getting married"

Lunch Proved Him Wrong

Quartermaster-General Roberts has learned about food in a practical way. Officers who soldiered with him tell the story of the roast served in the divisional officers' mess when rations were short in Burma. The general tackled his with relish. "Excellent," he remarked, and nobody agreed or disagreed. Next day in conference it was suggested that mules be slaughtered to provide the troops with meat.

"Nobody would eat it," General Roberts protested. "The meat wouldn't be at all suitable."

There was a pause. Then the "Q" officer said, "You had it for lunch yesterday, sir."

NEXT WEEK: Getting the stuff to the troops, by land, sea—and parachute

TAKE IT FROM ME

Continued from page 14

retrospect, I can see that I got exactly what I deserved. I retired to the waiting-room. "They want me to be an air gunner," I said to Ioan Vaughan Jones. "There's not much point in joining, is there? We won't be able to be together after all."

He was still eager. "We might possibly get crewed up later," he suggested. I shook my head. "Too much chance involved. I'll try to join the cavalry. At least I've always been good with horses." Ioan was called in for his interview a moment later. He came out wreathed in smiles. "I've been accepted as a pilot," he announced proudly. I congratulated him glumly.

Back at Cambridge, I tried to get into the cavalry, but that branch of the service seemed to have vanished. I stewed in this problem of my own making for a while, then decided to visit the recruiting centre and put my name down again for the R.A.F. without mentioning my previous failure. Some time later, I made a second trip to Uxbridge and came before the same board. Fortunately, they did not recognize me, and this time I modified my behaviour.

They had modified their own standards by then, too, and I was told that I would be accepted as a pilot. I was overjoyed—until I had my medical examination and was told that my eyes were not good enough for piloting. "You can still be an observer, however," I was told. I signed on and reported to Blackpool on July 9 for reception into the Royal Air Force.

In The Trenches

I remained at Blackpool only for two weeks of basic training, then I was posted to an airfield at Hooton Park, near Liverpool. It was a small aerodrome with grass runways and very limited accommodation for personnel. We slept in bell tents, pitched between various huts, and so many of us were crammed into each tent that we had to dress and undress on the shift system.

Our job was to defend the airfield, the perimeter of which was encircled by trenches. We were to man these trenches whenever the warning siren went. Because Liverpool was at this time coming in for a heavy blitz, the siren sounded every night, without fail. Every night we would leap out of bed, dress madly in the dark, grab a rifle and tear for the trenches. Then we sat and vainly waited for someone to tell us what we were supposed to do.

For the first few days we performed this manoeuvre at record speed, but, after the first dozen times, our enthusiasm cooled. We knew that nothing would happen once we reached our posts. Eventually, I found this frustrating and wished I could do something else.

Concrete Armour

One day, I noticed a peculiar vehicle in the transport park. It was a two-ton Ford lorry, on which a large concrete box, about as high as a man's shoulder, had been constructed. The box was open at the top and a Lewis gun was perched on it. I decided that it must be a makeshift armoured car.

What interested me in particular was the sight of two airmen lazing about in the sun on top of the so-called armoured car. I went over and spoke to one of them. "How did you manage to get this cushy job?" I asked.

He grinned. "It was easy. I happen to have Cert A and know all about the Lewis gun."

I walked away, thinking about it. Next day, I looked up the flight sergeant. "Is there any chance of my getting on that armoured car?"

"That depends," he said. "Do you know anything about Lewis guns?"

"Oh, yes," I said. "I've got Cert A."

"I'll see if I can arrange it," he said. And he did. As a matter of fact, I had never before seen a Lewis gun, but one of the chaps showed me everything he knew about it in a few minutes. Now I was an expert.

We would patrol the perimeter at night in the armoured car. Piled along the edges were great bomb dumps. One night we were parked along the perimeter when a German bomber droned directly overhead. Bombs began to burst near by. Our driver, obviously petrified at the thought of the dumps blowing up, frantically turned on his ignition and started the engine.

"I'm getting out of 'ere!" he said, and began to drive madly between the bomb dumps. I asked him what possible difference he thought this would make if the German bombs really dropped down on us. "'Aven't you ever 'eard that it's 'arder to 'it a movin' target?" he retorted.

"You don't like it, George? Good! I'll buy a new one tomorrow. I've been wearing this one for two years"

Wetting His Medal

The diet in the airmen's mess was adequate but simple. I liked to patronize the Naafi for supplementary tit-bits and a pint of beer whenever I could afford it. Unfortunately, my two shillings a day did not stretch far. Then I remembered the George V Jubilee Medal I had been given for singing in the choir at St. Paul's Cathedral during the 1935 festivities. I put the ribbon up on my chest, then strolled down to the local where some of my more solvent fellow airmen were having a glass.

One of them spotted the ribbon. He examined it with great care, puzzled, but unable to identify it. "What did you get that for?" he finally demanded.

"Why, for singing in a church choir," I replied, as casually as I could. He said, "Come on, Edwards: seriously, what did you get it for?"

I insisted on my explanation. He refused to take my word for it. This was what I had been waiting for. "Bet you a beer," I said, "that I'm telling the truth."

"Done!" he said. And I told him what the ribbon stood for, and how I had earned it. This time, he had to believe me, as I was obviously telling the truth. He paid up like a gentleman. After that, I won quite a few beers in the same way.

It was about this time that my sleeping quarters were moved to another tent which was pitched, unfortunately, close to the food stores and the cookhouse. For this reason, that area was overrun with giant rats. I had a particular aversion to these creatures, and it always gave me a chill to hear them pitter-pattering around the canvas. I used to lie in my bed with a drawn bayonet beside me. Whenever I thought I heard a rat inside the tent, I would lash out wildly in the dark.

I had no luck at that, but one day I was chatting with some friends near the cookhouse when we saw the group captain and his entourage approaching on their morning round of inspection. We were preparing to spring to attention and salute him smartly when there was a shout from inside the cookhouse. A fat rat ran out of the door followed by two cooks, each brandishing a large ladle as if it were a tomahawk.

Instinctively, I stepped forward and, with one well-aimed kick, sent the rat somersaulting across the ground. It quivered once and was still. The group captain stopped in front of me and I sprang sheepishly to attention. He grinned. "That was a jolly good shot, my man," he said. "You ought to be in the station football team."

But in spite of these lighter moments, our stay on this camp seemed interminable. In fact, it was less than six months. One by one, various members of my original squad were posted, but some of us began to feel as though we would never get into the air. Just at the moment of despair, my posting came through. I marked the occasion by blowing a triumphant solo on my trombone. That night, everybody in the Naafi knew that Edwards was on the move.

I was sent to the Receiving Wing at Babbacombe, in Devon, where I learned that we were to be split up by postings to half a dozen different places. I knew that the R.A.F. had taken over parts of Cambridge, and now it seemed there was a chance of being posted there. By now, I had begun to learn that in the Air Force, as elsewhere, it was possible to help to shape my own destiny. I sought out the L.A.C. who was responsible for the postings list.

Price Of A Pint

"Can I stand you a pint of beer?" I said, and he accepted at once. This set the stage. We talked about this and that, and then I said: "By the way, I'm anxious to go to Cambridge. Do you think you can fix it?"

"Well, I don't know, Edwards," he said. Then he looked around to see if there was anyone within earshot. "Perhaps it can be arranged," he added, with a grin. He put my name on the list for Cambridge. Success was so easy that I made a mental jotting of it. This marked the beginning of a long R.A.F. career of wangling for me.

It seemed strange to march round the streets of Cambridge with a squad of airmen and, later, to be listening to lectures in places that I knew so well under other circumstances. Our navigation, for example, was taught us in the Union debating chamber; in bad weather we had our physical training sessions in the Corn Exchange; we learned the Morse code in the lecture rooms in Magdalene; and we drilled in the car park near Maids' Causeway.

By this time, I had grown my second moustache; a better job than my first, but still not as satisfying as I could have hoped. There was another Edwards in the squad, and Cpl. Bennett, a witty little cockney, used to refer to us as "Edwards wiv whiskers and Edwards wivaht."

Cpl. Bennett was what is known as "Discip." in the Air Force, which meant, of course, that discipline was his speciality. He was a great lad for giving advice. Once, after there had been a complaint from the college authorities about airmen spitting in the neighbourhood of the cloisters, he lined us up and said: "Nah then, it appears as 'ow there's been too much gobbing around 'ere. Nah, if you *must* gob, tread on it like what I do." Then, with hoickings and elaborate footwork, he gave us a practical demonstration.

Squad's Awkward Man

It was during this course that I met another airman, Frank George, who was later to help to change the direction of my Air Force career. Frank was the awkward man of the squad. He stood well over six feet and he had a shape that no uniform seemed to fit. His belt buckle was invariably off centre, and he looked a mess. It was sheer agony to be behind him on drill parade. He was a brainy bloke, but he had no talent for drill at all.

We passed into 1941 at Cambridge, and it was not long after the New Year that Vaughan Jones came up to see me from Cranfield, where he was training on Oxfords. "How are you doing, Ioan?" I asked him.

"Not so well," he said. "They've put me on twins instead of fighters. They're so damn slow." Then he told me about his night-flying practice during air raids, when all lights on the field were put out. "You have to tool around practically all night," he said, casually.

I was green with envy, especially when, one evening, he arrived with his wings up and wearing sergeant's stripes. All *I* had to show for my months in the Air Force was a propeller on my sleeve, indicating that I was now a Leading Aircraftman.

But during the last fortnight of our course, Frank George and I had our eyes tested again. Mine, I was overjoyed to learn, had improved enormously. They were now good enough for me to be regarded as pilot material. George received the same good news about his own.

Off To Canada

It was now the end of the course. The squad was addressed by the C.O. "Now, lads," he said, "I have some good news for you. You are all going to Canada, where you will be trained as pilots. Conditions are pretty good over there, and I am sure you are going to enjoy it. Good luck to you!"

We were given embarkation leave and I roared down to London to beat up all the pubs I knew. I did not see much of my mother during this short leave because she was nearly always on duty at the local A.R.P. post. It seems incredible to think that, while her nine children travelled all over the world in the various services, for six long years my mother sat patiently, night after night, in this same warden's post. We all wrote to her from time to time and received in return long letters giving us news of the other members of the family.

With a thick head, I reported back to camp, and a day or two later I was aboard Georgic, which was to take us to Canada. We set sail next morning and my twenty-first birthday was celebrated at sea—if "celebrated" is the word I'm looking for.

For the occasion I had hidden in my kitbag a bottle of brandy—a spirit I had not previously tasted. I tried it, did not like it, and gave the bottle to an L.A.C. named Barnes. Then I went out on deck and watched the waves go by.

Presently, the weather worsened. The

seas grew into foam-flecked mountains. I began to think only in terms of the ship's unkind rhythm. We plunged down into a bottomless gulf. We rested there for a nauseating moment. Then we rose again and poised for another plunge. The movement was aggravated by the fact that our cabin was so far forward.

I went back to my berth and started groaning. "The place to go if you're not feeling well," Barnes said, "is on deck at the stern. I'll take you there."

Barnes was wrong, of course. The stern was no place for me. The movement was just the same and, to make matters worse, every now and then the propellers would come out of the water. The vibrations this caused, the juddering and shuddering of the ship as the screws met only thin air, were enough to tip the scales.

I sagged towards the rail. Barnes looked on with sympathetic concern, but with no signs of sea-sickness. Cursing him through ashen lips, I tottered to my cabin. I sucked an orange for the rest of that day—in fact that was all I did for the rest of the trip.

Glamorous Welcome

We trooped off the ship at Halifax, Nova Scotia, and made our way to a train which was waiting for us and moved off. When at last we pulled into Toronto we were greeted by a galaxy of lovely young ladies who smiled, bade us welcome, and presented us with chewing gun and cigarettes. Such gestures as these made us feel very much at home, very glad we had come.

Leaving Toronto with regret, we moved on deeper into the Province of Ontario. Finally, we pulled into a town called Goderich, climbed on to a bus, and were dumped outside the main gate of the R.A.F. station at Port Albert. I saw the sign on the gate. It read: "31 A.N.S."

This was an Air Navigation School. I nudged Frank George. "I don't like the look of this, Frank," I said. "I thought we were going to be pilots—this is a station for training observers."

In about an hour, we were assembled in our classroom and addressed by W/Cdr. Stokes, the chief instructor. He remarked that he understood some of us would be rather disappointed at this turn of events. "However, like good airmen, you will make the most of your opportunities here and do your best to become good observers," he said. George and I exchanged glum looks.

Lectures were begun. Some of them seemed beyond my talents and I gave the warrant officer who taught us wireless a trying time. During our first lecture he went to the blackboard and carefully drew an involved network of lines. Then he turned to his class, a pointer in his hand. "This is a wireless transmitter," he said, pointing to the tangled plan. "This is a transformer. This is a resistance, and the current goes through here. . . ."

At this point, thoroughly puzzled, I broke in. "Excuse me, sir," I said. "Could you start at the beginning? What is a transformer? What is a resistance?"

He was very patient about it, but with wireless my capacity to absorb was exceedingly small. The ground training continued. One flight lieutenant, a slender young man with a big black moustache, gave us lectures on aircraft recognition. I liked his method of teaching. He would point to the silhouette of an aircraft with a fat fuselage. "This one is the Pregnant Peanut," he would say. Then, indicating another, "And that is the Constipated Duck."

He was a cheerful and friendly chap, and once got into a long discussion with Frank George about how to get along in the Air Force. "If you ever run into trouble here in Canada," he told Frank, "get in touch with Group Captain X in Ottawa. He's a good, approachable type." Frank made a mental note of the name. The tip was to prove useful later on.

His First Flight

The day finally came when I was to fly in an aircraft for the first time. I togged myself up in flying clothing, waddled out to the machine, one of a long line of Ansons, and sat down at the navigator's table, behind a young flying officer. His hands, I saw at once, fluttered nervously from control to control. I was nervous, too.

The engines started, we taxied out and he opened the throttles with a roar. Soon I noticed the runway streaking beneath us. The engines droned on, and we began to bounce up and down.

I wondered uneasily why we were not taking off. At that moment, the pilot inexplicably changed his mind and closed his throttles. We slowed down at the end of the runway, with the tyres screeching on the tarmac, and came to a shuddering standstill. One wheel was still on the runway, the other was stuck in the mud. As we were towed ignominiously back to the hangar by the fire-tender, I thought to myself: in future I want to be at the controls.

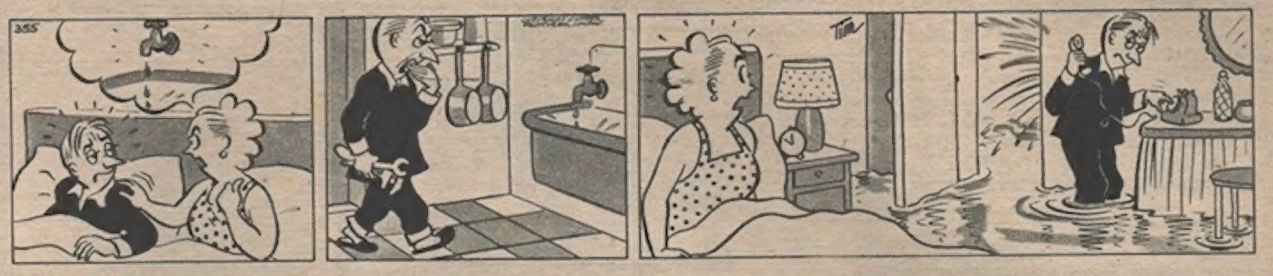
I never did discover what went wrong with that Anson, but we were given another at once and there was no trouble this time. I had been looking forward to this first flight for many months, but now that the moment had arrived, I had no time to wallow in the romance of flying. The Anson was noisy, draughty and never free of vibration. All this, at the navigator's table, made it difficult for me to draw lines on my chart. When I put down my dividers for a moment, the vibration slid them off on to the floor.

I soon found that, even in this slowest of aircraft, things happened too quickly for me. I would draw my plot, make my calculations and pass a note to the pilot saying that we would arrive at a certain town at a certain time. He would glance at it and grin over his shoulder, pointing down at the window to indicate a large town.

"What's that?" I would ask and, inevitably, he would give me the name of a town miles from our projected

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM



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In Black, Navy, Brown, Wine, Bottle or Grey. *State second col. choice*

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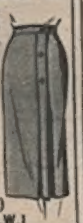

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Colours as above. Sizes: Hips 36, 38, 40, 42. 36/6 pr.

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Pstg. and Pkg. 1/3; C.O.D. 1/4 extra if req. Money back guarantee. Personal callers welcome.

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18 CT GOLD PLATED WRIST WATCHES

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(Dept. J.B.27), 196-200 Coldharbour Lane, Loughboro Junc., London, S.E.5. Open all Sat. 1 p.m. Wed

route. "Give me a course for base," he would say, with a show of great superiority, and I would try again. Every day I spent as a navigator was a day of frustration.

Sometimes, during a flight which seemed to be going reasonably—and unaccustomedly—well, the pilot would turn round to me. "Give me a course for base in four minutes," he would say. I then had to make up my mind where we were. I had to plot where we would be in four minutes, allowing, of course, for wind. On the Dalton Computor I would set our air speed, our track, and the wind velocity. Somehow, I could never work it out in time.

"Well, where *is* it?" the pilot would shout irritably over his shoulder at the end of four minutes. And I would say, "I'm sorry, sir—I haven't got it yet." It was fortunate that the pilots who flew those aircraft knew the country well enough to get back to base without my help.

A Slug Of Rye

The station dance band performed at local dances in most of the neighbouring towns and villages. We would arrive in the town by coach, deposit our instruments in the dance hall and saunter out into the streets to have a quick look round before the dance began.

In one town, I was sightseeing in this way when I was drawn into conversation by a middle-aged, dark-haired man, in front of the town's chief hotel. "Say," he said, "are you from the old country?"

"I am," I replied.

"Well!" he said. "Well! How about coming up to my room and having a slug of rye?"

We had several. We talked about England and drank and talked some more. By the time I recalled the dance at which I was supposed to play, my speech was thick, my steps unsteady.

I arrived at the dance to find it had been going on for some time. Our conductor, a flight lieutenant, gave me a baleful glare as I clambered on to the stand. I grinned sloppily at him in return and picked up my instrument—far too confidently. When I tried to read the music, I found my eyes would not focus on it. I closed one eye and leaned forward until my nose almost touched the stand. Then I tried to play.

I don't know just how bad I was that time, but before our next engagement, the flight lieutenant took me aside. "Edwards," he said, "stay sober enough to be able to read the music this time, will you?"

Before The Wingco

If I had been inadequate at daylight navigation, I was almost useless at night. I failed the exams miserably—but I was not alone. I think our class had the highest percentage of failures in the history of the school. Frank George was among them. In a terrible dressing-down in W/Cdr. Stokes's office, we were accused of failing the course deliberately.

He was white with anger. "It is my belief that you *tried* to fail," he said to Frank and me. "You've been grumbling about not being pilots from the beginning. I shall recommend that neither of you is good enough even to sweep out a hangar."

"But, sir!" I protested, and Frank chimed in, almost in tears. Eventually, we succeeded in persuading him that we were not quite as bad as he had thought. With a certain reluctance, he agreed to recommend us for training as wireless operator-air gunners. "But I absolutely will not recommend you for anything more than that," he concluded.

Frank and I stood outside the wing commander's office, completely crushed. "More than a year ago I could have become an air gunner and I turned it down," I moaned. "What a dismal circle I've made!"

NEXT WEEK: Jimmy climbs out of the washout squadron—and wins his wings

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

The picture on page 24 is of Freddie Mills.

BIG CHEQUES, £25 PRESENTATIONS ... PRIZES value over £1,000!

"BULLETS" PRIZES VALUE OVER

£800

£500, £50, £25 each plus "CORONATION HEIRLOOM"

With your First, Second or Third Prize Cheque goes *your* choice of "Coronation Heirloom" costing up to £25. JOHN BULL suggests, for instance, a superb CUTLERY CANTEEN with inscribed plate, or an elegant Sheffield plate TEA SERVICE, or a PUT-U-UP Settee, convertible to a 4-ft. bed. The choice is *yours*, so that your big success beginning Coronation Year may add a treasured heirloom to your home; if preferred, an extra cheque will be offered in lieu of the "Heirloom" Award.

2 of £10, 5 of £5, 10 of £2.10s., 50 of 10s.

1,500 New "Use-as-you-choose" Awards

FINE FOWL BONUSES

A fine roasting fowl accompanies each of the 20 chief prizes won with *Bullet* which was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

SEEN here is the last of the fifteen women First Prize-winners of 1952—Mrs. G. A. Rham, 198 Ramnoth Road, Wisbech. Entering in partnership with her husband, she won £500 with this *Bullet*: TO SEE THE QUEEN—WEARING FATHER'S "MANTLE"—"WARMING"!

Just as big a cash reward for a few words can be yours for a *Bullet* this week—and remember that with the £500, as with the other chief cheques, goes the winner's own choice of a £25 "Coronation Heirloom"—see prize-list.

Imagine the thrill of a £500 First Prize telegram arriving for you on Friday, February 13—and then the pleasure of choosing as an extra £25 Presentation some elegant and useful souvenir of Coronation year.

All this can happen to you, provided you make the most of your *Bullets* opportunities on this £1,000 competition page.

HOW TO WIN

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

In This Old Country
Winston And Ike
The Elizabethan Touch
It's Export Or Die, So
Youth Of Today
Domestic Harmony
On A Lonely Road
Highly Intelligent
The Other Chap
Amidst The Tumult
Undiscovered
With A Glint In Her Eye
Family Heirloom
Man With A Grievance
Dictator Dad
Fell Flat
A Piece Of Cake
Mooching Around
Coyly
In The Station Buffet

Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions

.....The Government Ought To Be In.....
Had A Good.....
On The Curate's.....
No Room To.....
We Don't.....It, But

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,870 (or Xword 822), "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

"Bullets" Winners 1,865

FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus Giant Hamper: Miss M. Macdonald, Mount Alexander, Comber, Co. Down:

To Those Who Brought You Nightlight, Bring "Sunshine"!

£50 plus Giant Hamper: F. Menzies, c/o Christie, 2 Park Avenue, Dundee: ALL THE TIME—MEN "FALLING," MAN FAILING.

£25 plus Giant Hamper: A. Brown, 54 Clayton Street, Nelson: PATIENCE IS A VIRTUE, BUT—PLAY DETERMINATION'S "CARDS," TOO!

OTHER AWARDS: £10: A. White, 17 Spalding Road, Holbeach, Lincs: WITH A GUN—PEACE-MAKING—EXPLAINS PEACE QUAKING. £9: W. H. Dormer, 35 Dovehouse Fields, Lichfield: GRUMBLING ABOUT THINGS—OUR RIGHT—*Hourly*. WRONG! £8: A. Eke, "Kalena," Westbury Street, Elland, Yorks: ALL THE TIME—WE'RE "SERVING," "SHELVES" *Filling*. £7: P. Heaton, 46 Thirlmere Street, Leigh, Lancs: DEADLY DULL—UNION MEETING? REDS *Deadlier*! £6: W. Hitchen, 48 East Bawtry Road, Rotherham: ALL THE TIME—IT'S "ANY MOMENT," MOTORIST! £5: Mrs. G. K. Bruty, 13 The Brent, Dartford: LIKE A STAG AT BAY—*Last* OFFICIAL CONTEMPLATES "BUCK"! £5: Mrs. G. W. Fowkes, 11 Farnol Road, Yardley, Birmingham: MAN WHO THINKS—"DADDY, WHO *Starts* WARS?"

For ten winners of £2 10s. see "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*. 50 *Bullets* Season Tickets and 1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted.

(*Above result is reprinted for sake of readers who missed last week's* JOHN BULL. *Result of "Bullets" No. 1,866 is due next week.*)

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests (in *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, dated February 21 and in JOHN BULL dated February 28), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, February 14, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,870 result.)

NOTE. You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in the same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "Combined."

CASH AND FOOD PRIZES FOR XWORDS!

£100 FIRST PRIZE

AWARDS VALUE £25

among 1st Runners-up and up to

50 JOHNNY-BASKETS
EACH VALUE £2

Strong but elegant Shopping Baskets made by blind workers and filled with larder luxuries—one with each Runner-up Award value 10s. or over.

Up to 500 "SIGNPOST" PRIZES
—one for each 2nd Runner-up

This Way To Win

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues on right. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one*, *two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues XWORD 822

1. Battles in this have special significance for students of warfare today
3. It's better if they who punt have special kind of these
5. It's probably best that an unpleasant, unsavoury story should be
7. Housewife often seems to be able to do this in the dark
9. People who don't know what this is are to be pitied
11. Soft surface may be preferred when you get nap on a certain one
13. Farmers know what heavy this is
14. Vessel needn't be a boat to have

Down Clues

2. The longer you put it off, the more necessary it may become
3. If badly wounded, may never be seen again
4. The heart of a young soldier may be easy to
6. Searching for something in this, a torch may be used
8. Diplomatist must not delude himself about
10. Suggestive of something passing very quickly
12. Fortune-teller is sometimes asked for information as to this

Result of Xword No. 818 is due to appear on this page next week

£100 and FOOD PRIZES with this XWORD

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.) and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.).

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated February 14.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

1	A	S	2 T	■	3 B	O	■	T	4 S
■	5 B	U	R	■	E	D	■	A	T
6 D	E	M	I	■	A	D	A	G	E
■	■	■	■	■	■	■	G	■	■
7 S	E	■	■	8	■	9	E	A	L
K	R	■	M	A	C	■	N	S	■
■	A	10 W	■	11 C	O	■	T	■	12
■	T	H	E	T	A	■	■	P	A
13	O	I	L	■	R	■	S	I	T
822	■	■	■	■	14 B	■	L	G	E

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(*Total fee shown includes entry on Square*)

Puzzle and form strictly copyright **822** Closing Postmark MON., FEB. 2

I enclose P.O. value ..... No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

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EXAMPLE ..... 6d.

BULLET .....

EX. ..... 6d.

B. .....

EX. ..... 6d.

B. .....

EX. .....
B. ..... EXTRA TWO FOR 6d.
EX. .....
B. .....

Closing Postmark
1,870 MON., Feb. 2
I agree to Rules and enclose P.O.
Value .....
No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

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With this coupon (which you can enclose with your entry) send P.O. 1s. for six weeks' *Bulletin* and *Gazette* at REDUCED SERIES RATE—first copy dated February 14. **Every issue contains extra *Bullets* winners to guide you to success.**

P.O. 1s. No. .....

FREE!

New entrants simply complete this label for free and post-free specimen *Bulletin*.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

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